Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1838. VOL. VIII. Nº 31.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 15.—MERRIED LIFE—LA BAYADERE—and other entertainments.

MONDAY, Sept. 17—First appearance in America of Mrs. C. MATHEWS, late Madame VESTRIS, and Mr. C. MATHEWS.

THE DRAMA'S LEVEE.

Praise..... Madame VESTRIS.

ONE HOUR.

Mr. Swiftly..... Mr. C. MATHEWS.
Julia..... Madame VESTRIS.

LOAN OF A LOVER.

Peter Spyke..... Mr. C. MATHEWS.
Gertrude..... Madame VESTRIS.

Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews will perform every night during the week.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 17—Mr. FORREST'S BENEFIT. GLADIATOR—and WILLIAM TELL.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18—First appearance of Signor DE BEGNIS, who will perform every night during the week, with other powerful attractions.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 15.—THE RAVEL FAMILY, with a variety of other entertainments.

MONDAY, Sept. 17—Mr. ARCHER'S BENEFIT. POOR SOLDIER—and NO SONG NO SUPPER.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18—THE RAVELS.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—Mr. BROWNE'S (of the National) 1st appearance. ROBERT MACAIRE: Robert Macaire, Mr. Browne; Jaques Strop, John Sefton.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—The RAVEL FAMILY.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—Mr. Browne, &c. Last night of the VAUDEVILLES.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the following Theatres will be opened during the ensuing winter season:—

New City Theatre, Little Rock, Arkansas.
New City Theatre, Natchez, Mississippi.
New City Theatre, Grand Gulf, Miss.
New City Theatre, Port Gibson, Miss.

Letters from Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent and respectability, will be promply attended to, if addressed (post paid) to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky.

Natchez, Miss., Aug. 16, 1838. [S:5] JOHN S. POTTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Among the letters that reached us by yesterday's mails, one from W. H. at the White Sulphur Springs, Va.—from C. I. of Philadelphia—from J. L. of Llangollen, Ky.—from J. W. W. of Berryville, Va., and from R. B. H of Dallas County, Ala., require particular mention. Their several contents will have an immediate attention.

Several communications are on file or in type for next Saturday's paper; we have devoted nearly two pages to-day to our numerous correspondents, and shall soon be able to announce arrangements for the next volume of this journal, by which they will be offered "ample verge and scope enough" to indulge their most violent attacks of *cacoethes scribendi*.

Duane, we hear, has been thrown out of training.

It is understood that *Mingo* will make his next season in Kentucky.

It is *not* certain that Mr. POLK's agent has purchased *The Colonel*.

Zela and *Margaret Ridgeley* are in BELCHER's hands, in Capt. BRANCH's stable on Long Island. *Henry Moore is* doing and looking finely.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The inimitable POWER has been the loadstone of Old Drury this week, and notwithstanding the length of his engagement, there appears to be no diminution of his attraction. His benefit took place last night, when, in addition to the drama of *Rory O'More*, he produced his new farce of *Mackintosh & Co.* As our paper will be sent to press before the last piece is concluded, we must defer any remark upon it until our next.

On Monday next Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS will make their first appearance on the boards of an American theatre, and notwithstanding the malicious slanders of professed friends, and the open attacks of declared enemies, we predict for them a reception, by the Park audience, worthy of their acknowledged talent. Of Madame Vestris, we are assured, by those who have seen her on and off the stage, that "she will charm them by her beauty, and carry away all hearts captive, if allowed a fair chance," and we should deeply regret if any prejudices could be aroused that would tend to deprive the lovers of music and light comedy of the treat that is in store for them. It will be seen by the Park announcement that she appears every night next week, and in three pieces on Monday. The anxiety to see her may be imagined from the fact that nearly every seat in the boxes was engaged ten days since.

The Simpson Benefit.—This grand dramatic festival will take place on Thursday week next, the 27th instant. The Committee held their final meeting last evening at the Astor House, and we can assure the friends of Mr. SIMPSON that such arrangements have been made as will render the benefit one of the most splendid ever given in this country. Volunteers of the highest professional character have offered their valuable services to the committee, and in such numbers that the only difficulty to be surmounted is the selection of such characters for them as shall best conduce to the brilliancy and general effect of the evening's entertainments. In our next the *programme* will be given, and in the meantime we will only remark that among the volunteers who will appear are CARADORI ALLAN, ELLEN TREE, Miss CLIFTON, AUGUSTA, Madame VESTRIS, Mrs. CRAMER, CHARLES MATHEWS, POWER, (Jim Crow) RICE, and others.

The National.—JAMES W. WALLACK, Esq., the popular manager of this theatre, arrived here in the packet ship *Quebec*, from London, on Tuesday last, accompanied by his two sons, JAMES and HENRY. The first is a native of this city, having been born in Hudson-street; he is a fine spirited young gentleman of eighteen, while his brother is four years his junior. Among the other passengers were Mr. SULLY, the eminent painter, and daughter, of Philadelphia,—Mr. WM. PENSON, late leader of the Theatre Royal Olympic, London,—Mr. JAMES CHARLES LAMBERT, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, and Signor DE BEGNIS, of the Italian Opera, London; the three last mentioned are engaged for the National theatre.

WALLACK, for twenty years, has been both professionally and personally an eminent favorite with our citizens, and he has determined to liquidate his obligations, so far as his ability and judgment extends, by presenting them with the best company and most brilliant galaxy of stars that have ever appeared on the New York stage. He has no ambition for management, and at this moment avows his intention of retiring from it when he shall have rendered the house under his control worthy of the high consideration of those friends who have so long and so nobly sustained him, through good and evil report, for a period of nearly a quarter of a century.

Miss SHIRREFF, prima donna, WILSON, first tenor, SEGUIN, basso, and HATTON, second basso, are coming over in the Great Western. These, with Signor DE BEGNIS, buffo, Mrs. HARDWICKE, first stock singer, who have already arrived, and HORNCASTLE, make up the National Operatic corps. The orchestra, with PENSON as its leader, has received an accession of five members, of the highest order of talent; among them are RIBAS, the celebrated hautboy player, and DUGGAN, whose trombone is said to rival CIOFFI's.

LAMBERT is engaged for the first "old men," a line of business for which he is distinguished. Mrs. HARDWICKE is not less favorably known for her personation of *Soubrettes* than for her vocal abilities, and will be a great acquisition. Then there is Mrs. RIVES for first old women, Mrs. BATTYE for light comedy and farce, and Mr. BATTYE, scene painter. Of the old company, Mrs. WM. SEFTON (Ann Waring), MATHEWS, WILLIAMS, BLAKELEY, WALLACK Junior, MITCHELL, etc., are re-engaged for the season. BROWNE, before setting out on a starring tour, plays some thirty or forty nights. Among the new people recruited here are Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE BARRETT, Miss VIRGINIA MONIER, etc., so that with his importations and additions, Wallack's company in the course of a few weeks will be superior, probably, to any one we have seen in this city for many years.

CELESTE is hourly expected from Paris, and will appear immediately on her arrival in two new pieces. During her engagement, we are assured by Mr. WALLACK, *every piece produced will be new*; she appears in speaking parts, written expressly for her, with new music, dances, dresses, and decorations. A few of the *Corps de Ballet* have already arrived; it consists of one principal male, and two female dancers; the *troupe* numbers fifteen, all young, and many of them beautiful.

Negotiations are pending with other eminent stars abroad; it is not unlikely that ALEXANDER, the famous ventriloquist of Paris, will visit us this winter. There is an *on dit* that Mr. VANDENHOFF and his daughter are already on their voyage out. FORREST, FORBES, and OXLEY have already appeared among the stars, and before he goes abroad, we shall doubtless have HACKETT. Rumor says that BURTON, the PLACIDE of Philadelphia, will give us a taste of his quality here this season. WALLACK is in himself a host, and has secured so great a variety of talent, that whether tragedy, comedy, opera, or the ballet, be the order of the day, he can produce either with a strength of cast that cannot be surpassed.

The re-engagement of Mr. FORREST has proved highly successful; he appears to-night as *Spartacus*, in Dr. BIRD's "Gladiator," being supported by OXLEY as *Pharsarius*. FORBES declined a re-engagement last week, on account of indisposition. WALLACK is soon to appear, in company with Forrest. On Thursday evening last, during an act of *Hamlet*, being discovered in a private box with his sons, the audience rose and cheered him with enthusiasm. He appears greatly improved in health and spirits by his voyage, and we venture to predict for him a profitable season.

RICE has returned to the *Franklin*, where he is playing *Mephistophiles Faust* and *Gumbo Jum* to crowded houses. DINNEFORD is getting on famously.

At the *Olympic*, THORNE is about bringing out, it is said, a new drama, illustrative of the "life and amours" of a certain notorious individual about town, written by the same person who recently "attempted his life!"

PARSONS is in town, after an immense engagement at the Walnut st. house, Philadelphia. AUGUSTA having been deterred, by well understood circumstances, from engaging with the managers of the Chesnut st. theatre, will open there on the 24th, so that the general desire of the Philadelphians to see her will at length be gratified, through the liberality of Mr. WEMYSS.

The Star is anxious to know where we found our "law" touching the difficulties between the graceful LECOMPTE and the Park management. If the fact be, that the sad accident to this lady occurred from the gross neglect of the management, the lady at all events *should* have a remedy against the theatre; and if the lawyers deny this, the greater fools they. But if, as has generally been supposed, and as we, of course, understood in hastily laying down *our* law last week, the injury occurred from the carelessness of Madame L., (or even from unavoidable accident,) who the deuce is to blame! Doubtless these same lawyers will find some *equitable* rule by which to throw the loss on to the shoulders best able to bear it. Madame L., to conclude her former engagement, has to play twenty-eight nights more, at $100 per night, and notwithstanding the management will "pocket a loss" by her fulfilling it on these terms, we trust that, under the circumstances in which she is now unfortunately placed by her disarranging the machinery, her suit for damages will be dropped, and nights given to her in which to complete he engagement, which was to have terminated before the July season.

A pretty little black-eyed girl, named FANNY JONES, is the last "notion" in Boston. She has lately made her debut at the Tremont, and is a daughter of Robert Jones, the artist. She is but about ten years of age, and "dances with the grace of a fawn, and the precision of an AUGUSTA!"

FLYNN and MAEDER are about opening the new theatre at Providence, R. I., "so they say!"

Miss CLIFTON arrived at Montreal on the 8th inst., after a brilliant engagement at Buffalo. She was to leave for Quebec on the 10th, where she will succeed Miss ELLEN TREE, who has met with the greatest consideration and success in the Canadas.

The friends of Mathews, when speaking of his marriage with Vestris, and alluding to the disparity of years, the lady being much his senior, describe it as a *match* against *time*.

TBOSTON HEATRICALS.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.—BARRY is not doing a fortune-making business at present. It is not his fault, however, for he has secured a very expensive stock company, and his bills of fare have so far presented rich treats. Fine old English comedy and sterling farce have been the order of the day, or rather night, and, maugre Bostonians' much boasted love for things *legitimate*, the manager has pocketed losses for his pains. Beshrew this affectation of our "modern Athens!" 'tis sickening. The people here would fain have it go abroad that naught is attractive to them but that which is *sterling*. They decry New York because she patronises the melo-drama, and ornaments the stage with *quadrupedal* performers from cattle-fairs, rope-dancers, political-speeches, natural curiosities, contortionists, French legs, wild beasts and learned pigs, blue light and brimstone. They call vociferously for the "*legitimate drama.*"—"Give us the *legitimate* drama," they cry, "and have done with this gagging melo-drama!" The newspapers echo the cry, and waste ink and paper in long tirades against the very useful, but very, *very* vicious melo-drama, and *Madame Kickshoes* is reviled because the public will have her show her legs in an excellent ballet. The poor manager, thus beset, wonders at the transcendancy of the age, and forthwith bows to the sovereign will of the people. In this same way Mr. Barry is prevailed upon every season to employ a stock company, the expense of which is not exceeded by any theatre in England or the United States. The consequence is that, if he uses it as designed, for the representation of legitimate drama, he plays to bare walls; those who bawled the loudest standing most aloof, and only re-visit the theatre upon the appearance of "blue light and French legs!" The boasted love of Bostonians for only the *sterling* portions of the fine arts is all moonshine! No people under the sun are fonder of humbug and gewgaws than the Boston public, and the managers here, without paying the least regard to this affected distaste, will consult their own interests better, if, like those of New York, they pick their materials of attraction from the menagerie, the caucus-room, the circus, the ballet, the museum, and the cattle-show. Whatever it is, or wherever they find it, they should secure it. A man in this city is making a great deal of money by exhibiting a *mammoth rat*, while KILNER, GILBERT, and FINN are playing sterling comedy to sparse audiences! Comment is unnecessary.

PELBY has not done much better at the *National*, although the attractions presented have been great. HAMILTON and the eccentric Dr. VALENTINE, assisted by that beautiful actress, Mrs. ANDERSON, Mrs. PELBY, and your own New York Mrs. HERRING, have made up a strong cast.

Pelby has made extensive arrangements for the coming season, and I think he will make money.

The veteran COOPER and his daughter appear at this theatre in a few days. Pelby has also engaged Madame AUGUSTA, and *La Bayadere* is to be produced in magnificent style. Other novelties, equally rare, will succeed, and the season will be a brilliant one at the National. FORREST is said to be engaged here.

I find no news here, except of some belligerent proceedings between Mr. Barry and some of the "stars" of the last season. Yours, &c. S.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1838.

"STILL LATER."

BOSTON, Sept. 11, 1838.

FRIEND PORTER,—The season for theatrical excitements is fast approaching, and now that the days of panics and pressures are in the past—specie payments in the present, and a National Bank in the future, everything bids fair for a dramatic revival. Both houses are at present in the full tide of success. Farmer KILNER, FINN, and little Miss ROCK, at the Tremont, have been the "bright particular stars" for two weeks past, and good houses have been the order of the night. The Farmer looks hale and hearty, and plays six nights in the week, and goes to church at the Odeon, formerly the Federal-street theatre, on the seventh. He says it does him good to drop into the house where he was in the habit of pulling wigs for so many years, and it is his opinion that Old Drury will, before he dies, be again restored to its ancient honors. The cellar of the old theatre has been converted into a store-house for wines: the Farmer happening to pass that way last week, was called in by Mr. Dow, the present occupant, and invited to look at the spot where we was wont to descend in the theatre trap, and the old gentleman at once recognised its precise situation, which recalled to his mind the last evening he played the Grave Digger in "Hamlet," and after sufficiently contemplating the scene, he was invited to drink a bottle of wine on the spot.

The opera of *Masaniello* has been revived, with the aid of Mr. BROUGH, Mr. PEARSON, Miss MORGAN, and Mr. and Mrs. BARRYMORE. Miss McBride's situation is now well filled up by little FANNY JONES, who bids fair, under the excellent instruction of Mrs. Barrymore, to become equal to *la petite* AUGUSTA.

The *Bedouin Arabs* commence their engagement on Wednesday.

At the National, PELBY is determined to spare no trouble or expense in bringing forward all the novelties of the day. There are many choice spirits among them: Mr. ROBERT HAMILTON and Mrs. HERRING are valuable acquisitions. The veteran COOPER and his daughter commenced an engagement on Monday. He is to be followed by Jim Crow RICE, then BOOTH. Madame AUGUSTA is also engaged, and commences about the first of October. She is to furnish her new *corps de ballet*, and also the principal singers. Preparations have already commenced to bring out *La Bayadere* in great style. She has some new pieces, one expressly written for her by Major NOAH, of the "Star." I also learn that Mr. Pelby is in negotiation with FORREST and Madame LECOMPTE. Yours, &c. W. B. E.

ELLEN TREE AT MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.—DEAR SIR,—Thanks and many thanks for the permission that you have given me to supersede you in the *Critique* on the play of the Hunchback, as performed at the Theatre Royal on Wednesday. *I do so long to give my opinion* on it, and I am so anxious to prove to you that the "old Turfman" has not lost his *gusto* for other more refined amusements than horse-racing, I sat down determined absolutely to write a critique which even Porter himself, "mine ancient friend" of the New York Spirit of the Times, must copy.

But gravely—the house was good; not, however, so full as I might have wished, yet "mighty respectable"—the lighting of the Theatre far better than as yet it had been, and the riotous gods better behaved than usual. And now let me, if I can, scrutinise the performance of Miss Tree. I have seen the classic Fanny Kemble—I have seen the graceful Fanny Jarman. They were the only real personators of the author's Julia, (to my taste, mind you, Mr. Editor,) and I have often weighed the performance of Julia by either—but give me Ellen Tree. The perfect knowledge of the traits of Julia, the actual personification of the character, and above all, the virtuous expression of the heart-rending but imperiously required prohibition of Clifford's advances when the affianced bride of the Earl of Rochdale, the agonising efforts of a betrothed woman when perchance meeting with the best loved of her heart, at a time when about to be for ever separated from him, the instinctive heaven-born feeling of affection towards an unknown and disguised parent, and the almost supernatural change of the new born lady to the faultless woman,—all, all are to be found in Ellen Tree;—and add her tread of the stage—her intellectual face—*that eye*——Prythee, Mr. Editor, bear with the Turfman.

Miss Tree is not faultless—who can be—but I know but one fault in her Julia. She does not prepare us for the change from the timid country girl to the butterfly moth of the town; and Ellen, oh Ellen Tree, how very different is your town lady to the splendid imagery you afterwards give to us of an adoring woman. But a truce to scolding;—I must tell you, Mr. Editor, that I have scarcely ever been so much delighted at any performance as I was on Wednesday. To contemplate the attitudes, the dignified manners of Miss Tree, when, as she imagines, she is lost to her lover, would be enough to make a convert of the most determined woman-hater. As to her style, her pronunciation, her embodying of the imagery of the poet—what can exceed the beauty of her manner when reproaching her too irritable lover. Again her

"Oh turn to me and do not chide me; or
If thou wilt chide, chide on—*but* turn to me,"

addressed to Master Walter, so simply, so beautifully expresses the affection which Providence has placed in our hearts towards those whose blood runs in our veins, and when we see the efforts she makes to look at Clifford, the awful struggle to turn to him, we see a master piece of acting.

Now for Mr. Fredericks. His person is good—his head and eye I pronounce to be very good—his acting in the part of Master Walter, in some scenes *extremely*, and in others only passably, good. The Turfman must reprove sometimes, but rough as he is he may do it gently, and perhaps in censuring we are but doing justly, and I must *talk* to Mr. Fredericks. Mr. Fredericks, you have a strong voice, and I may say a fine voice, by no means deficient in expression; but it wants flexibility and should be managed with judgment; your walk, too, in many parts, needs to be improved. The tread of a man in anger ought to be different to the elastic steps of the father rejoiced at the success of his attempts to recall the better feelings of his child's disposition. And throughout the part of Walter you want the by-play, if so I may term it, of the character. Surely as the reformation of his daughter's feelings progressed—as the success of his plot became more and more evident, some marks of satisfaction ought to be evinced. Do, pray, Mr. Fredericks, think of my lecture, for mark me, Sir, I expect to see you, at no very distant day, a very great acquisition to the boards. Ahem! what do you think of *that*, Mr. Editor?

Mr. Abbott as Modus can't be bad—Abbott's never bad. He's always good, and I think that his reception by the audience proved sufficiently how much we rejoiced to see him here again. His performance in the Weathercock was extremely correct, *but*—there, again, Mr. Editor, is that word "but"; well I must out with it, *he overdid the quaker!* More, however, of Mr. Abbott anon.

Miss Melton, your dear Miss *Melting*, as a friend of ours y'clept you—your acting in Helen called forth most liberal applause, but it was certainly well merited, and all that I fear is that many most decided judges in such matters were almost tempted to leap on the stage and oust that Master Modus when he would not learn to make love.

Latham, *we*—mind you, Mr. Editor, how royally the Turfman speaks—think that you are great in Tinsel, and you are a most excellent performer in the line of comedy.

Upon the whole, Mr. Editor, the audience left the Theatre highly delighted, and I only regret to be obliged to add, that the Theatre is most shamefully neglected. The House on Friday was enough to dispirit any performer, and on Saturday night, to a beautiful piece of acting by Miss Tree and Mr. Fredericks but a scanty audience attended. By the bye, before ending this communication, Mr. Editor, who was the tall American *gentleman* who refused to take his hat off when our national anthem was being played, and whom Archy so unceremoniously de-*capitated*? Ask him how he liked it, and now adieu, Mr. Editor,—in a few days you shall hear again from A TURFMAN IN CANADA.

Montreal, 20th August, 1838.

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW.

The end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondence. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fansy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow now, however, a writin, as I have done—violetting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I new no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmed to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy--Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here now. Ours you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his 3d son has got a place in the Treasury, his seckond a captingsy in the Guards, his fust the secretary of embassy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseavd these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrabble Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accodingly, at dinner tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollor out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After sevral dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pair of falling shoulders, a tight coat, a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbinns; the younger one fluffed the dust off his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his cravatt; and they both mountid up stairs.

"What name, sir?" says I, to the old genlmn.

"Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurrrld," says he, "do you pretind not to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—psha!—bluthanowns!—say it's Docthor Dioclesian Larner—I think he'll know me know—ay, Nid!" But the genlmn called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmn went up stares alone.

"Doctor Dioclesius Larner!" says I.

"Doctor Athanasius Larnder!" says Greville Fitzroy, our seckond footman, on the fust landing-place.

"**Doctor Ignatius Lopola!**" says the groom of the chambers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmn went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice:

"Sawedwadgeorgeearllittnbulwig."

"Sir what?" says I, quite agast at the name.

"Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistaw*edwadLyttnBulwig."

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the venrabble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlm behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the Whig, who et, drunk, and talked as much as ½ a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both with a dignaty undigscribable, and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may gess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the cornation, or the goodness of the wind—(cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspecially jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that, about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The cumpny reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

"Pray, Doctor Larnder," says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation, what is the Cabinet Cyclopædia?"

"It's the littherary wonther of the wurrld," says he! "and sure your lordship must have seen it, the latther numbers ispicially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illusthrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Doctor Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Docther Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a litherary Bacon."

"A what?" says the genlmn nex to him.

"A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fid wid the pure and lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine lithera ture—a *monumintum*, in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum."

"This wigmawole," said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his frend should take up so much of the convasation), "this wigmawole is all vewy well; but it's cuwious that you don't wemember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, weviews, and enclycopædias, the existence of a cwitical weview and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod, is nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits, as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—whewever our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted Canada, from Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honor to be the pwincipal contwibutor."

"Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig," says my master; "you and I being Whigs must, of course, stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-callem is the prince of periodicals."

"The Pwince of pewiodicals?" says Bullwig; "my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess."

"*Soit*,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it; but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow! You talk about magazines. Look at——"

"Look at hwat?" shouts out Larder. "There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs."

"Pardon me, I think that——"

"Is it Bentley's Mislany you mane?" says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

"Why no; but——"

"O, thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-watery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it."

"Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is Fraser's Magazine."

"Freser?" says the Doctor. "O thunder and turf!"

"Fwaser!" says Bullwig. "O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is, weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By the by, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff——"

Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I'm blest if I could kip it neither,—for herring him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlmn, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

"Hullo!" says Bullwig, turning red. "Have I said any thing impwobable, aw widiculous? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation,—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anewithmon gelasma*."

"Why, be the holy piper," says Larder, "I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser!* Don't believe him, my lord duke: he reads every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oat-male. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mintioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the pallitix down to the 'Yellowplush Correspondence.'"

"Ha, ha!" says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the "Yellowplush Correspondence"). "Ha! ha! why, to tell the truth, I *have* wead the cowespondence to which you allude; it's a gweat favowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day."

"Well, and what do you think of it?" says Sir John, looking mity waggish,—for he knew it was me who rote it.

"Why, weally and twuly, there is considewable cleverness about the cweature; but it's low, disgustingly low: it violates pwobability, and the orthogwayhy is so carefully inaccuwate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it."

"Yes, faith," says Larner, "the arthagraphy is detistible; it's as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for 'em to speak wid a brrogue. Iducation furst, and ganius aftherwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you."

"Yaw wemark," says Bullwig, "is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, Doctor, you know more wabout Iwish than about Gweek),—you will wecollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicler, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicler sneewingly remark, that thus 'the sheep of Arabia have their own chawiots.' I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwenthened incweased, supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind."

"A very appropriate simile," says Sir John; "and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support."

"*Apropos*," said Bullwig; "who *is* Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician:* if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him."

"Bah!" says the Duke of Doublejowl; "every body knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of "Sam Slick."

"Pardon, my dear duke," says Lord Bagwig; "it's the authoress of *High Life, Almacks*, and other fashionable novels."

"Fiddlestick's end!" says Doctor Larner; "don't be blushing, and pretinding to ask questions; don't we know you, Bullwig? It's you yourself, you thief of the world; we smoked you from the very beginning."

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—"I must correct you all, gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush: he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champaigne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen!"

"Gad!" says Doublejowl, "let's have him up."

"Hear, hear!" says Bagwig.

"Ay, now," says Larner, "your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure! is it gintale?"

"To say the least of it," says Bullwig, "the pwactice is iwwegular and indecowous; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable."

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and every body excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. "Send up Charles," says master; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreaned, was persnly abliged to come in.

"Charles," says master, "I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence,' in *Fraser's Magazine*."

"It's the best magazine in Europe," says the duke.

"And no mistake," says my lord.

"Hwhat!" says Larner; "and where's the Litherary Chran.!"

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle cabbitch.

"Mr. Yellowplush," says his grace, "will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine."

I boughd agin.

"And what wine do you prefer, sir? humble port or imperial burgundy?"

"Why, your grace," says I, "I know my place, and aint above kitchen winds. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrabble compny."

When I'd swigged off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honor to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:

"Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties fore which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose that I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours."

"Sir," says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, "do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such think, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honor's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condysend to igsamine your shoes—your honor may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the compny. I blacked them shoes, *I* cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the littery man, and committed to paper my remindicencies of fashnabble life, it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch; and I appeal to your honor,—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you fust! When you stopt out at Brookes's till morning, who sate up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignaties of his station, and answered the two-pair bell! O, sir," says I, "I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, bleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better; the vittels incompyrably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put cloves on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bullwig! ain't I right; shall I quit *my* station, and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*?"

Bulwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening i. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eye on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Acadames—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwomethus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genewation to genewation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, remorseless, stretches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning, and solitowy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies; you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the Twemendous Presence. Beware; as you value you peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For heaven's sake—O, for heaven's sake!"—here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasfackshn, looked round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to shew his independnce, began flatly contradicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genlmn prese nt, in the following manner:—

"Hark ye," says he, "my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsince of that divl of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoy; that's the rale, undoubted thruth; and it's only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palavering you in this way. I'll tell ye what—Plush, ye blackguard,—my honarable frind, the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation of his intinse admiration for your talents, and the wontherful sthir they were making in the world. He can't bear a rival. He's mad with envy, hathred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exackly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I'm the iditor of a cople of pariodicals; dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid de lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pleed before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm a litherary man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Docther Larner, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an inoom as that offered you by Sir Jan; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now, see! Look again at me friend, Bullwig. He *is* a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I; and what has been the result of his litherary labor? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Pathrick, they're going to make him A BARINET."

"A Barnet, Doctor!" says I; "you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barnet?"

"As sure as I've made meself a docthor," says Larner.

"What, a baronet, like Sir John?"

"The divle a bit else."

"And pray what for?"

"What faw!" says Bullwig. "Ask the histowy of litewatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwitish nation what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy; but that is neither here nor there: my political principles—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fwedom that I have celebwated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unrivalled, pwe-eminent; and the Bwitish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwitish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy." (The honrabble genlm here sunk down amidst repeated chairs.)

"Sir John," says I, "and my lord duke, the words of my revrint friend, Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrabble genlmn who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspressing just now.

"I igspect the eighty pound a-year; knowing that I have plenty of time for pursuing my littery cereer, and hoping some day to set on that same bentch of barranites, which is deukarated by the presnts of my honrabble friend.

"Why shooden I? It's trew I aint done any think as *yet* to deserve such an honor; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then?—*qwax dong*, as our friends say. I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand sprawlink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray. A barranit I will be, and, in consquints, must cease to be a footmin.

"As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled: they are, I know, nessary; but they aint nessary *until askt for;* besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

"But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a capting in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade aint such a very bad un; igspecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and the scientafick treatiseses of the revrend doctor, I may find the secrit of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've several frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treets; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummind, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——"

"I wish you'd withdraw yourself," said Sir John, busting into a most igstrorinary rage, "and not interrup the company with your infernal talk! Go down, and get us coffee; and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after tomorrow. Go down stairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!"

* * * * * *

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publigation, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washerwomen.

Fraser's Magazine for August. CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

SCENES IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

Four years after the present century dawned upon this small planet, bringing to it steam, gas, and all sorts of science, I was appointed by my commander, then chief on the Jamaica station, to a very old sloop there, to domesticate, among other pleasantries, with scorpions, centipedes, and cockroaches, a good-natured fag for second luff, a purser fond of bargains, and a large raw-boned captain, very young, and full of fun and frolic. I had lately arrived on the station, and found Wellington boots, however valuable in England, not particularly conducive to comfort in that hot climate. After undergoing martyrdom for some hours with a very tight fit, quite new, the purser offered to relieve me from them at half price. With soap, and boot-hooks, and many a hearty pull, he managed to encase his feet and legs in them, and then began his torture; for they, being long unused to a tight fit, thought proper to swell, and, from their enlarged state, refused to come out of their incarceration. All sorts of means were resorted to in vain, and cutting them off was proposed and rejected by the angry purser, who swore, as he paid for them, he would wear them; and accordingly turned into bed with them on, from whence his groans, exclamations, execrations, and repinings, kept us in continual laughter; and at 6 A. M. the knife was applied, and he was relieved from great torture of body to endure a mental one, arising from a commercial loss.

We were cruising off St. Domingo, the black brigands were pressing the town, and, being short of provisions, the governor ordered out the useless mouths, meaning children, and man's greatest comfort, the fair, the affectionate, the gentle sex, sweet soothers of our woes, and soft comforters in affliction, through good report and evil: these gentle and afflicted beings were, I am grieved to reflect, despoiled of their goods, and passed on to Porto Rico, or any other port they chose to wander to, without the care or trouble arising from property. Having amassed considerable prize-money from these exactions, we one night sent a mate and four men to take charge of a large sloop, being in chase of several others then in sight, with orders to keep as near to us as possible; but if he parted company, to repair to Oca Bay, in St. Domingo, and wait our arrival. On the fourth day H. M. sloop cast anchor in said bay, and a truly delightful one it was. Here thousands of cattle run wild, and with a large party I went into the forest for the purpose of shooting them. As the sea-breeze fell, the scent of the wounded and dead oxen was offensive, and resembled butcher's shambles more than the pure air in these delightful regions. The tall cabbage-trees now began to obscure the twilight, and the English circular faces became elongated, while the smooth open brow wrinkled, and lines of care and anxiety began deeply to indent themselves, as I ordered a return to the brig, and each man to see his arms in proper state for defence against any of the brigands, either black or white, that might be out in these extensive wilds on their predatory excursions; for stories were rife at Jamaica of the most horrible atrocities committed by both parties, roasting alive at slow fires being cruelty of a low grade, not worthy of particular mention in these days of horror; and a corresponding sharp look-out a-head, astern, and to starboard and port, while frequent councils of war, and cautions to look to our feet, as the sharp rattle of the deadly snake curdled our blood, by giving plain intimation of its contiguity; while the slight raps from the elastic boughs regaining their position, as we pressed through the underwood, made us start and tremble, thinking the fangs of the reptile buried in our flesh. Cold perspiration bedewed my forehead as I called a halt.

"What say ye, men, are we in the right direction for the brig? and can any of you make out an opening to clear this infernal wood?"

"From the bearings I took of the sun when last visible," said Mr. Pipes, the boatswain, "we should alter the course to port two points; but, shiver my timbers, what has caught hold of my starboard keel?"

At this moment a fierce rattle caused a revulsion of blood, with a faint cry of horror, and an apparent disposition to fly from the dangerous spot. Mr. Pipes made a forward spring, and the shrill whistle from his call echoed through the dreary wood, as he very distinctly piped belay.

"Boatswain," said I, "you will rouse the attention of some of the murdering parties, and our scalps may decorate their belts."

"Better engage them than a rattlesnake, but *hark!*" and the welcome sound of a gun boomed over the high cabbage-trees, and the concussion shook the light foliage of the underwood. "Thank God!" spontaneously burst from heart and lip, and we all pressed forward to where the sound appeared to come from. Our exertions were rewarded by the sight of the calm and lovely bay, with H. M. sloop riding majestically in it, her low black frame strongly contrasted by her tall taper masts that gracefully reared themselves on high. Another shrill whistle from the boatswain's call, answered by his mates from the brig, ordering black and white cutters away, and most gladly did we step into the boats, but without two bullocks that we had attempted to bring in pieces to the beach—they had made their escape from the shoulders that had long borne them, to benefit the beasts and reptiles that infested the woods of Oca Bay, in St. Domingo, named by the justly celebrated Columbus, Hispaniola. As the burning sun next morning rose from his watery bed, the signal man reported our prize in the offing, and as ten days had elapsed since we had last seen her, water and provisions were placed in the boats, and they were despatched to her assistance as she lay like a log on the calm sea, her sails idly flapping to the masts approaching her. The boats, by the rapidity with which they made their way, drove off the sharks that had congregated round the hapless vessel. Countless fins might be seen above water, (like a plantation of stunted firs,) of these voracious monsters of the deep, attracted doubtless by the smell of the sick, and the bodies daily thrown from the vessel, for she was in wretched plight, without fresh water, and little provision. Never shall I forget the haggard and spectre-like countenance of the men, the helpless moans of the women and children as they lay on the deck, exposed to the fierce rays of the melting sun. Their tongues swollen, and protruded from their parched and blackened lips, already the prey of myriads of insects—some eyes wildly glaring in strong delirium, while others were glazed and deeply set in the agonies of welcome death.

"Water! water!" hoarsely croaked the spectre of a man, looking wishfully at the breakers in our boat. Merciful heaven! It was Thomas, the mate, who, only ten days back, with a John Bull face, and a well-fed person, took charge of this prize, in which he had found a few gallons of brackish water, and above thirty women and children; the breaker that had hastily been placed in his boat containing six gallons, and that was alone pure and drinkable. It was soon, from want of due care and precaution, swallowed by the numerous parched throats that thirsted.

for it. Faint indeed are the ideas of those who never experienced a want of this precious fluid, of the ecstatic delight given, in this sultry, indeed, burning clime, from a hearty draught those will take who have been long debarred. It is a foretaste of the joys of heaven, and was forcibly expressed by the feeble eye lighting up with animation, and those set and glared in death again expressing gratitude and delight. One poor girl, apparently eighteen, had drunk copiously of sea-water. If, reader, you have seen the animated skeleton lately shown in England, you may have a faint conception of what poor human beings may suffer before welcome death brings relief. Alas! the inequality of misery in this best of all possible worlds. "The proud man's contumely—the insolence of office" *availing itself of its small degree of power to inflict all the injustice and misery that the little and low minds of vulgar men can visit on nobler natures.* But Dives and Lazarus will no doubt exemplify and equalise, or, nautically expressed, square the yards hereafter, and the longest life, compared to eternity, is but short, pass it how you will. "Whatever is, is right," says Mr. Pope, and I, from long experience, firmly agree with him, that "there is a power that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we may." But a truce to digression. The prize was towed alongside, and the sick by the surgeon and nurses tended with careful kindness. The dead were committed to the jaws of the sea monsters that had hovered round the prize so long, and, as the mate stated, were not to be driven off with the blows their waning strength enabled them to strike, but each day, as they became more sickly and enervated, the sharks thronged and pressed upon the sides of the floating tomb as if they were inclined to spring on its deck, and make the living, as well as the dead, their prey. How wonderful is the instinct of the brute creation, that can induce these large and voracious monsters of the deep to keep up with and constantly around these floating hospitals! I have heard of a shark of great magnitude, in Port Royal, that swam round the shipping in that port at noon each day, receiving from the men the offal of their dinner, invariably taken at that time. As this shark was a complete check on desertion, the officers would not allow it to be fired at, or in any way molested. In consequence, it regularly at noon might be seen, its fin above water, rapidly making its way to the shipping. He was named Port Royal Lion, and quite domesticated among the mariners that frequented that port.

Again we resumed our station off the town of St. Domingo, now most vigorously pressed by the black brigands, under their black chief Christophe, who, upon one of our young captains being brought before him on the capital crime of having effected the escape of a beautiful Frenchwoman, thus addressed him:—"Sir captain, your life is forfeited by our laws, which must be respected equally with your own; I pardon you now, on condition that you report my message truly to your admiral, Sir John Duckworth, whom I respect for beating our mutual enemy, the French. Tell him, if he chooses to put such boys as you in command of ships, not again to send them to trouble our free state; for, as yonder sun now shines, this is the last act of clemency they shall receive at my hands."

So saying, his sable majesty rose with dignity and dissolved the court, much to the satisfaction of the culprit.

Shortly after four A. M., having the morning watch, my good genius induced me to heave to, the weather being hazy, and the shore indistinctly visible. As the day began to dawn, the cathead-man announced a squadron on the lee-bow. With the glass I soon discovered them to be men-of-war, and laying to on the starboard tack.

"Call the captain—turn the hands up—out with the reefs, and loose top-gallant sails"

By this my bonny Scot reached the deck, and agreed with me in opinion that they were a French squadron. This was speedily shown by their tricolored flags, in answer to our private signal. They consisted of seven sail of the line, under Rear-Admiral M——, two frigates, and the same number of brigs, escaped from Brest. We were thrown into the utmost consternation, being not fit to fight, and unable to run, our sailing qualities being much impeded by the dirty state of the ship's bottom, contracted from her long stay on this station.

"Make all sail, and keep your wind close on the larboard tack," cried the captain, who was keeping a wary eye on the frigates and brigs that were shaking out reefs and signalising their admiral for leave to chase. Fortunately, he did not deem us worthy of notice, and passed, gun-shot and a half off to windward, when, hull down, we wore and made all sail for Jamaica, where we arrived in due time, giving the admiral intelligence of a force double his own on the station. The veteran anchored his flag-ship with springs in the narrowed part of the channel, and made the best disposition of his small force to defeat any attack on Port Royal, at the same time placing me in a fine eighteen-gun sloop, just arrived from England, with orders to proceed to sea and reconnoitre the motions of the French squadron.

London Metropolitan for Aug.

MR. ROBERT BOLTON.

THE "GENTLEMAN CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS."

In the parlor of the Green Dragon, a public house in the immediate neighborhood of Westminster Bridge, everybody talks politics every evening; the great political authority being Mr. Robert Bolton, an individual who defines himself as "a gentleman connected with the press," which is a definition of peculiar indefiteness. Mr. Robert Bolton's regular circle of admirers and listeners are an undertaker, a green-grocer, a hair-dresser, a baker, a large stomach surmounted by a man's head, and placed on the top of two particularly short legs, and a thin man in black, name, profession, and pursuit unknown, who always sits in the same position, always displays the same long, vacant face, and never opens his lips, surrounded as he is by most enthusiastic conversation, except to puff forth a volume of tobacco smoke, or give vent to a very snappy, loud, and shrill *hem!* The conversation sometimes turns upon literature, Mr. Bolton being a literary character; and always upon such news of the day as is exclusively possessed by that talented individual. I found myself (of course accidentally) in the Green Dragon the other evening, and being somewhat amused by the following conversation, preserved it.

"Can you lend me a ten pound note till Christmas?" inquired the hair-dresser of the stomach.

"Where's your security, Mr. Clip?"

"My stock in trade,—there's enough of it, I'm thinking, Mr. Thicknesse. Some fifty wigs, two poles, half a dozen head-blocks, and a dead Bruin."

"No, I won't, then," growled out Thicknesse. "I lends nothing on the security of the whigs, or Poles either. As for whigs, they're cheats; as for the Poles, they've got no cash. I never have nothing to do with blockheads, unless I can't avoid it (ironically), and a dead bear's about as much use to me as I could be to a dead bear."

"Well, then," urged the other, "there's a book as belonged to Pope, Byron's Poems, valued at forty pounds, because it's got Pope's indentical scratch on the back,—what do you think of that for security?"

"Well, to be sure!" cried the baker. "But how d'ye mean, Mr. Clip?"

"Mean! why, that it's got the *hottergruff* of Pope—

> 'Steal not this book for fear of hangman's rope,
> For it belongs to Alexander Pope.'

All that's written on the inside of the binding of the book:—so, as my son says, we are *bound* to believe it."

"Well, sir," observed the undertaker, deferentially, and in a half whisper, leaning over the table and knocking over the hair-dresser's grog as he spoke; "that argument's very easy upset."

"Perhaps, sir," said Clip, a little flurried, "you'll pay for the first upset afore you thinks of another."

"Now," said the undertaker, bowing amicably to the hair-dresser,—"I *think*, I says I *think*,—you'll excuse me, Mr. Clip, I *think*, you see, that won't go down with the present company,—unfortunately my master had the honor of making the coffin of that ere Lord's housemaid, not no more nor twenty years ago. Don't think I'm proud on it, gentlemen, others might be; but I hate rank of any sort. I've no more respect for a lord's footman than I have for any respectable tradesman in this room. I may say no more nor I have for Mr. Clip! (bowing). Therefore, that ere lord must have been born long after Pope died. And it's a logical interference to defer, that they neither of them lived at the same time. So what I mean is this here, that Pope never had no book, never seed, felt, never smelt no book (triumphantly) as belonged to that ere lord. And, gentlemen, when I consider how patiently you have 'eared the ideas what I have expressed, I feel bound, as the best way to reward you for the kindness you have exhibited, to sit down without saying anything more,—partickler as I perceive a worthier visitor nor myself is just entered. I am not in the habit of paying compliments, gentlemen,—when I do, therefore, I hope I strikes with double force."

"Ah! Mr. Murgatroyd! what's all this about, striking with double force?" said the object of the above remark as he entered; "I never excuse a man's getting into a rage during winter, even when he's seated so close to the fire as you are. What is the cause of this extreme physical and mental excitement, sir?"

Such was the very philosophical address of Mr. Robert Bolton, a short-hand-writer, as he termed himself,—a bit of equivoque passing current among his fraternity, which must give the uninitiated a vast idea of the establishment of the ministerial organ, while to the initiated it signifies that no one paper can lay claim to the enjoyment of their services. Mr. Bolton was a young man, with a somewhat sickly and very dissipated expression of countenance. His habiliments were composed of an exquisite union of gentility, slovenliness, assumption, simplicity, *newness*, and old age. Half of him was dressed for the winter, the other half for the summer. His hat was of the newest cut, the D'Orsay:—his trousers had been white, but the inroads of mud and ink, &c., had given them a piebald appearance,—round his throat he wore a very high black cravat, of the most tyrannical stiffness, while his *tout ensemble* was hidden beneath the enormous folds of an old brown poodle-collared great coat, which was closely buttoned up to the aforesaid black cravat. His fingers peeped through the ends of his black kid gloves, and two of the toes of each foot took a similar view of society through the extremities of his high-lows. Sacred to the bare walls of his garret be the mysteries of his interior dress! He was a short, spare man, of a somewhat inferior deportment. Everybody seemed influenced by his entry into the room, and his salutation of each member partook of the patronising. The hair-dresser made way for him between himself and the stomach. A minute afterwards he had taken possession of his pint and pipe. A pause in the conversation took place. Everybody was waiting, anxious for his first observation.

"Horrid murder in Westminster this morning," observed Mr. Bolton. Everybody changed their positions. All eyes were fixed upon the man of paragraphs.

"A baker murdered his son by boiling him in a copper," said Mr. Bolton.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed everybody in simultaneous horror.

"Boiled him, gentlemen!" added Mr. Bolton, with the most effective emphasis, "*boiled* him."

"And the particulars, Mr. B.," inquired the hair-dresser, "the particulars?"

Mr. Bolton took a very long draught of porter, and some two or three dozen whiffs of tobacco, doubtless to instil into the commercial capacities of the company the superiority of a gentleman connected with the press, and then said, "The man was a baker, gentlemen. (Every one looked at the baker present, who stared at Bolton). His victim, being his son, also was necessarily the son of a baker. The wretched murderer had a wife, whom he was frequently in the habit, while in an intoxicated state, of kicking, pummelling, flinging mugs at, knocking down, and half killing while in bed, by inserting in her mouth a considerable portion of a sheet or blanket."

The speaker took another draught, everybody looked at everybody else, and exclaimed "Horrid!"

"It appears in evidence, gentlemen," continued Mr. Bolton, "that on the evening of yesterday, Sawyer the baker came home in a reprehensible state of beer. Mrs. S., connubially considerate, carried him in that condition up stairs into his chamber, and consigned him to their mutual couch. In a minute or two she lay sleeping beside the man whom the morrow's dawn beheld a murderer! (Entire silence informed the reporter that his picture had attained the awful effect he desired). The son came home about an hour afterwards, opened the door, and went up to bed. Scarcely,—(gentlemen, conceive his feelings of alarm,) scarcely had he taken off his indescribables when shrieks (to his experienced ear *maternal* shrieks) scared the silence of surrounding night. He put his indescribables on again, and ran down stairs. He opened the door of the parental bed-chamber. His father was dancing upon his mother. What must have been his feelings! In the agony of the minute he rushed at his male parent as he was about to plunge a knife into the side of his female. The mother shrieked. The father caught the son (who had wrested the knife from the paternal grasp) up in his arms, carried him down stairs, shoved him into a copper of boiling water among some linen, closed the lid, and jumped upon the top of it, in which position he was found with a ferocious countenance by the mother, who arrived in the melancholy washhouse just as he had so settled himself.—'Where's my boy?' shrieked the mother. 'In that copper, boiling,' coolly replied the benign father. Struck by the awful intelligence, the mother rushed from the house and alarmed the neighborhood. The police entered a minute afterward. The father having bolted the wash-house door, had bolted himself. They dragged the lifeless body of the boiled baker from the cauldron, and with a promptitude commendable in men of their station, they immediately carried it to the station-house. Subsequently the baker was apprehended while seated on the top of a lamp-post in Parliament-street, lighting his pipe."

The whole horrible ideality of the Mysteries of Udolpho, condensed into the pithy effect of a ten-line paragraph, could not possibly have so effected the narrator's auditory. Silence, the purest and most noble of all kinds of applause, bore ample testimony to the barbarity of the baker, as well as to Bolton's knack of narration, and it was only broken after some minutes had elapsed, by interjectional expressions of the intense indignation of every man present. The baker wondered how a British baker could so disgrace himself and the highly honorable calling to which he belonged; and the others indulged in a variety of wonderments connected with the subject; among which, not the least wonderment was that which was awakened by the genius and information of Mr. Robert Bolton, who, after a glowing eulogium on himself, and his unspeakable influence with the daily press, was proceeding with a most solemn countenance to hear the pros and cons of the Pope autograph question, when I took up my hat and left.

Bentley's Miscellany for Aug.

THE DEAD CLEARING.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

> "Unapprehensive thus, at night
> The wild deer, looking from the brake
> To where there gleams a fitful light
> Dotted upon the rippling lake,
> Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping
> From the lithe oar, which, softly dipping,
> Impels the wily hunter's boat:
> But on his ruddy torch's rays,
> As nearer, clearer now they float,
> The fated quarry stands to gaze;
> And, dreaming not of cruel sport,
> Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes,
> Until the rifle's sharp report
> The simple creature hears, and dies."
>
> *The Indian Ambuscade.*

Schroon Lake is the largest, and perhaps the finest, body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. "The Schroon," as it is called by the country people, has, indeed, been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resemble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern parts of the state of New-York, are still picturesque in form, while they enclose a thousand pastoral valleys and sequestered dells among their richly wooded defiles.

In one of the loveliest of these glens, near a fine spring, well known to the deer-stalker, there flourished a few years since, a weeping willow, which, for aught I know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forest would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank, opposite to the willow, there were the remains of an old fire-place to be seen; and blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered by turning aside the wild raspberry bushes that had overgrown the farther side of the knoll. These ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting camp; and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild cherry-trees, within a few hundred yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler of perhaps forty years back;—a scene where the toil, the privation, and the danger of a pioneer's life had been once endured, but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain, for the forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace; and the place was now what in the language of the country is called a "dead clearing."

The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the private family annals of the state of New-York, which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare, and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the whole of that which followed it, was the battle-field of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts; while their brethren of the same colour, but of a feebler lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the Iroquois shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like that which I have to relate.

It was in the same year when Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Six Nations, that a settler, who had come in from the New Hampshire grants to this part of Tryon County, (as the northern and western region of New-York was at that time called,) was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple-wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lighted up the timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow that gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely-furnished apartment. From the grey hairs and weather-beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young bright-haired mother by his side had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe as they curled over his head, now taking his axe upon his lap, and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer, carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an American woodsman, behind the chimney, turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her the caresses which she bestowed on the child.

"That boy's a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think, if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a papoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can't keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep a' nights."

"Why, John, how you talk! I'm sure Yorpy never cries;—never, I mean, worth talking of."

As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy little youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion with which the hopeful scions of humanity sometimes test the comforts of married life.

"Baby,—why, baby—there—there now? what will it have?—does it want to see Brother Ben! Hush—hush—he's coming with something for baby! Hush, now, darling!—Will it have this?"

"Why, Bet, my dear," said the father, "don't give the brat Ben's powder-horn to play with; for thof he does like you as much as he did my first missus, his own mother, and flesh and blood, the lad doesn't love to have his hunting-tools discomboborated. God's weather! where can the tormented chap be staying?—he ought to be home by this time." With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms, to reply.

"Now don't, don't, gal," continued the kind-hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open; "you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there," said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and addressing the last words to the poor, perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion or peevishness.

"Hush! you little varmint you!" said the father at last, growing impatient; "hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will."

The settler was just turning in his walk, near the opened threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand, reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the door-post, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered and home-like, was changed on the instant. The mummied nurseling was flung upon the embers near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals, and sprang towards the door. It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burthen. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment, while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze, ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

The next day's sun shone upon that mouldering ruin as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained; and the blue smoke curled up among the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a cottager's hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar-top, whistled as usual to his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendent branches of a willow which had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door; while the cat-bird from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves, and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathise with the desolation which had come over it.

There was one humnn mourner, however, amid the scene. A youth of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost have been thought to have been carved out of the grey wood, with which his faded garments assimilated in color. It would not be difficult to surmise what passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last, after rising with an effort, he advanced to the funeral pyre of his household, and, turning over the dry embers, disengaged a half-burned cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass, and bit the ground with a fierce agony that showed self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

"My father! my father!" he cried, writhing in anguish; "why—why did I not come home at once, when I heard that the Black Wolf had gone north with his band!" A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment; and then, with greater bitterness than ever, he resumed, "Fool—thrice accursed fool that I was—I might have known that he would have struck for these mountains, instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the palatine yægars were out and on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of a butcher—without one word of warning—to be burned like a wood-chuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his defence! My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it!"

But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's spring-time, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood for ever.—A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sapling hickory may be bowed—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keep it from perishing. It is only long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steals away its vigor, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester; and, when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of red men.

There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But I leave the dire feats of "Bloody Ben," by which name only the avenger is now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than I do in such horrible details. My business, here, is only to describe the first deed by which he requited the murderous act of the Indians.

The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot, which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partly relapsed into its native wildness, from the tangled vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The strong arm of the government had for a while driven the Indians beyond the reach of private vengeance; but now they were again returning to their favorite hunting-ground north of the Mowhawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even had ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs of skins, and carry back a supply of powder and other necessaries of the hunter of the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests, to the very spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter, under whose guidance I made my first and only visit to the Dead Clearing.

"It was about two o'clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben, after thus following up their trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns jist where the moose-runaway makes an opening in the forest, and lets the light down upon yon willow that still flourishes beside the old hemlock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up round the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado in some former day, and then lay imbedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But a few yards from this bank, in that thicket round the roots of yon mossy old beach, Ben found a shelter, from which, at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But as he had only a one-barrel piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeturs at one shot. Bloody Ben, though, was jist the chap to do it.—Like enough he waited there or manœuvred round for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsumdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers, you must know—that is, when they have really something to talk about—got into some argerment, wherein figures, about which they know mighty little, were concerned. One took out his scalping-knife to make marks upon the earth to help him; while the other, trying to make matters clearer with the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other jist as you may have seen those of white people when they get parroiching right in airnest. So they argufied and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more eager, till their skulls, almost touching, came within the exact range of Ben's rifle: and then Ben, he ups and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them. And that, I think, was pretty well for the first shot of a lad of eighteen; and Bloody Ben himself never confessed to making a better one afterwards.

The tourist, who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would, perhaps, look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk, with but one living branch when I beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepid limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals, in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink; tall weeds waved amid the spreading pool; and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of The Dead Clearing.

Bentley's Miscellany for August.

No other Journal has the News.—An editor of a country paper thus indulges in the lamenting strain:—We stop the press to inform our readers that we have no more paper, and that our ink has all run out. If our delinquent subscribers have any bowels of compassion, they will immediately book up what they owe us, in order to enable us to go on with our business. If they do not, this is the last sheet we shall be able to send them, as we are tired of writing for nothing, and finding ourselves. N. B. The paper-maker will not trust us with another ream, unless we pay up our arrearages. Second N. B. This journal will be published every now and then until further notice. Third N. B. The sheriff is waiting in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic. Major Nabem says we are wanted, and must go. Oh, delinquent subscribers, "you generation of vipers," think of us being marched off in quick time, to suffer incarceration in the county jail, and all owing to your not giving our "devil" his due. Heaven may forgive you, but we never can.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Mr. Robert Mosby, of Harrodsburg, Ky., has sold *Guy of Warwick* to Mr. Thomas Kennedy, of the same State, for $500. Guy is a chesnut colt, 3 yrs. old, by Frank (the sire of *Josh Bell*) dam by old Hamiltonian.

New Advertisements.—In to-day's paper will be found the bills of fare offered by Kendall of Baltimore, and Oliver of Louisville. Also, the Trotting Sweepstakes on the Centreville Course, and several other matters.

Joshua G. Boswell, Esq. of Childsburg, Ky., has purchased of Mr. Benj. Jenkins, his ch. f. *Picayune* (late Mary Richmond), for $2000. The filly is a 3 yr. old, by Medoc, her dam by Sir Wm. of Transport. Picayune won the three mile heats' purse at Crab Orchard on the 30th ult., beating four others in 5:57—5:55—5:54.

Miles W. Dickey, Esq. of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Samuel Davenport, Esq. of Danville, in the same State, his ch. m. *Althea*, by Sir Archy of Transport (Rodolph's sire), dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs. old, for $500.

Norfolk Races Postponed.—Dr. Edward J. Wilson, the proprietor, writes us that inasmuch as the date fixed for his meeting will conflict with that held on the Central Course, at Baltimore, he desires we may give notice that the Norfolk and Portsmouth Fall meeting is postponed from the 3d week in Oct. to the 4th. They will therefore commence on the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.

More Stock coming over to Carolina.—We learn with great pleasure that Tattersall has bought for Col. Hampton, a filly by the great *Plenipo*, out of Brazil by Ivanhoe, out of Velvet by Oiseau, out of Wire, sister to Whalebone. T. hoped to have purchased for the same gentleman the *Sister to Phosphorus*, to accompany *Delphine*, but Lord Lichfield got her for 500 guineas! At Mr. Thornhill's sale, Tattersall was more fortunate; he there purchased for Col. H. a yearling bay filly by Merchant out of Surprise (the dam of Agreeable, Pounce, etc.) at 220 guineas. He, of all others, is the best agent; he cannot be "thrown"—in his fall he always lights on his feet.' If he cannot do the best thing for you, he is certain to do the next best.

New Clubs, etc.—Among the new race meetings this Fall may be mentioned those at Peoria, Illinois, and Kingston and Irwinton, Ala. A meeting was held last season at Peoria, but no report found its way to the press, that we have seen. They have a fine Club there, and a beautiful track laid out on a verdant prairie. Mr. Wm. C. Terry is the present Secretary, and we hope he will not omit sending a report of the ensuing races, which commence on the 15th Oct. with a match for $500 aside, two mile heats, between *Bacchus* and *Phantom*.

Mr. Joshua Averitt, gives notice that a meeting of four days will be held on the White Pond Course, near Kingston, Autanga Co., Ala. commencing on the first Wednesday, 3d of Oct. The regular purses amount to about $1000.

It will be seen from an advertisement that a new club has been organized at Irwinton, Ala., who propose to give fine purses, and "carry on the war" with spirit. The course has been named in honor of the old veteran Capt. James J. Harrison, the worthy proprietor of which is Col. Crawford Sprowl. The officers of the Club consist of Dr. Benjamin P. Harrison, President, Col. J. W. A. Petit and Col. Isaac Fort, Vice Pres'ts, and Mr. John R. Fort, Sec'y and Treas. The Secretary, in the Proprietor's name, has issued the annexed bulletin:—

"This Club is now regularly organized, and the prospects for good sport flattering. The patrons of the turf, in our sister states, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and even the Old Dominion herself, should give us a call. We promise them all in the way of convenience and luxury that a new and flourishing county can afford, and as good a beating too, if we can. The proprietor expects them to give him a chance to do all this, and every thing more necessary to add to the sports of the turf, in this portion of the moral vinyard, wherein he hopes, ere long, to see the spirit of racing in its acme."

Kendall, after winning two days at Frederick, Md., started off *Master Henry* and *Molinera* to the races at Warrenton Springs, Va. *Henry A. Wise, Louisa Lee*, and *Medora*, he has sent to attend the meeting at Lancaster, Pa., leaving five or six others at home.

"*Another new Jockey Club*," is the caption of a paragraph in this paper almost every week. The last we have been apprised of is at Lafayette, Illinois. Mr. H. Wilson Harris, the Secretary, gives notice that the Fall meeting will commence on the 16th Oct. and continue four days. The purses are liberal, and the track and its appointments are stated to be fitted up in the handsomest style. Go ahead!

Cricket Match next Thursday.—We are desired to state that a Cricket Match for $100 aside, will come off on Thursday next, the 20th inst. at the termination of the Rope Walks, Brooklyn, at 10 o'clock, A.M., between eleven players of Nottingham and the same number of Sheffield—members of rival clubs "in the old country." Great sport is anticipated from this exhibition of "the old hands."

☞ We are desired further to announce that Long Island is open to play a match for $500 against New York City, or its suburbs.

A Good Shot.—The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph says—"We are informed that on Friday last, Mr. Charles Rittenhouse, shot a Grey Eagle, on the bank of the Wissahickon at Rittenhouse town, which measured five feet and ten inches from one extremity of the wing to the other. He was brought down from the top of a tree, at a distance of eighty yards, with ordinary shot. This is the first of the species seen in the neighborhood for many years."

Highland Sports.—The "Highland Society" of this city held their anniversary meeting on Monday last at the Brook Hall Mansion House, for the enjoyment of those athletic exercises "which mark the manly bearing, vigorous strength, and robust health of the community among which they are practised" in "the Old Country." The "Emigrant" gives so spirited an account of the different games, and the dinner and ball which succeeded, that we regret our limits prevent the insertion only of the following extracts:—

The games were commenced with that of *Shinty* (better known to Southerners as *Hockie*), and the ground being very irregular, it was not very well adapted for the sport; but it served to exhibit the activity, agility, and accuracy of the players, who seemed to give heart and soul to the game.

After continuing at this till about two o'clock, the *foot-racing* commenced; and then the society removed closer to the Hotel, for the purpose of continuing the sports that did not require so large a space for exercise. The next feat was *Throwing the Cabber*. This was done by taking a piece of log of about sixteen feet in length, and supporting it upright on the hand, throwing it forward so that the other end shall come to the ground, and the log pass vertically over. This was an extremely difficult feat, a great many spectators tried the experiment, but none except the Highlanders effected it.

After this, followed *Putting the Stone*. The stone used for this purpose weighed 18lbs., and the manner of discharging it, was to poise it in one hand above the shoulder, and push it away as far as possible. The *putting* was up a greatly inclined plane, and the greatest distance thrown was about 28 feet. Then followed the standing jump, at which the jumper succeeded in clearing 4 feet in height. After which, as a conclusion of the sports, came, *Throwing the Sledge Hammer*. The Hammer weighed about 16lbs., and the successful competitor threw it a distance somewhat exceeding 80 feet.

The most difficult part of our task remains;—that of singling out the greatest excellence where all was so good. We may, however, observe that Mr. Jackson, in the game of *Shinty* and tossing *the Cabber*, stood decidedly the first; Mr. Drysdale, brother of *The Chief*, won at *Putting the stone* and *throwing the hammer*, ank Mr. McClay at the footrace. At the standing jump the contest was severe between Messrs. Jackson and McClay, but the latter had injured his foot in the race, else it was evident that he must be named the winner at the jump.

We cannot conclude without reiterating our satisfaction on perceiving the spirit with which these national sports were carried on; with similar pleasure we mark the progress of the English game of Cricket, and we shall ever rejoice to perceive Old Countrymen, from whatever section of the British empire they may be derived, cherishing the sports and exercises which are associated with the love of their country and their own people.

An own brother of Mr. Cadwallader's celebrated trotter *Edwin Forrest*, is for sale at "the Hippona" in Watts street. His style of going is said to resemble his brother's; he has never been trained, but is warranted to trot his mile under three minutes. There is an *on dit* that Edwin Forrest, in a trial, performed a mile in 2:18—two minutes eighteen seconds! "Think of that, and weep!"

Gohanna and *Hotspur.*—If the owners of these two horses have not resolved upon their place of standing next season, very possibly we can suggest a location that will be highly profitable, if they will apprise us on what terms they will farm them out for a season or two. If they would prefer disposing of half of either, they may very likely hear of a customer.

Old *Telegraph* has, like Bascombe, Picton, Bertrand, and others, been honored by the selection of his appellation for the name of a new course at Somerville, Tenn. A new club was established there last Spring, of which A. R. Govan, Esq. is President, Dr. A. F. Brackin, Vice President, and Mr. A. J. Henry, Sec'y and Treas. We are glad to see that the officers have a direct interest in the promotion of the club, and from their own standing we may safely conclude that the "Telegraph Course" will take rank among the first in Tennessee.

Newberry (*S. C.*) *November Races* promise to exceed in interest any previous meeting; it will be seen from the programme in our advertising columns, that the purses have been increased, and that a large number of sweepstakes will come off. The track is being improved, and every arrangement will be made to give satisfaction.

Niagara (*U.C.*) *Races* will commence on Wednesday, the 26th inst., and continue three days. The Secretary writes us, that as the purses are good, the attendance of horses will be unusually large; on the evening of the 2d day a grand Race Ball will be given. The following gentlemen comprise the officers for the meeting:—

Stewards.

Lieut. Col. Booth, K. H. 43d Regt.	Lieut. T. O. Pipon, K. D. G.
Capt. Arthur, A. D. C.	Capt Buller,
Lieut. Col. Creighton,	Capt. Palmer,
Lord W. Hill, 43d Regt.	W. H. Dickson, Esq.
Hon. C. H. Lindesay, 43d Regt.	James Boulton, Esq.
Capt. Sands, K. D. G.	Alex. McLeod, Esq.
Lieut. Meade, 43d Regt.	
Jasper T. Gilkison, Esq. *Sec. & Treas.*	C. R. Luscombe, *Clerk of the Course.*

BENBOW WITHDRAWN FROM THE TURF.

Mr. Editor,—You would perhaps like to know the fate of every horse which was likely to distinguish himself on the turf, and particularly that of one who, whether in the stable or on the course, was the admiration of all who had ever seen him: I allude to *Benbow*.

I am sorry to inform you, that a few days ago Benbow complained so much in his wounded leg that I decided to turn him out, and perhaps for ever. He was taken up at about the usual time, and trained on very well until recently, when he began to favor the cut leg; and now I find it past all hope, at least, for this year.

The last double brush he took was on the morning of the 25th inst., and had you been here to have seen him it would have done your very soul good. The style of his running, and the splendor of his action and stride, was, I thought, far beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen.

He will next Spring cover a limited number of mares, not exceeding fifty.

August 27, 1838. T.

Note by the Editor.—We read the note above with real regret, for certainly, of all the colts we ever saw, *Benbow* was one of the most promising; and the pain of hearing of his being thrown out of training was increased from the fact, that it was his owner's intention to have started him over the Union and Beacon Courses during the ensuing Fall meetings. He was considered, in his 3 yr. old form, the finest colt in Virginia, and when we saw him last winter in Georgia, with *Steel, Billy Townes*, and *Missouri*, he was decidedly the highest trump in the pack. He is a rich bay, in the highest form, and was got by Imp. Fylde, out of Cinderella, by Shylock, and stands fifteen hands two inches. The "wounded leg," in which he gave way, we have before described; he was maliciously cut by a discharged rubber in Mr. McCargo's stable, on the inner side of his off fore leg, just below the knee joint, and the leader was, probably, partially dissevered by the scoundrel's knife. When we saw him the gash had healed, and confident hopes were then entertained of his entire recovery.

MAJOR "BOOTS" ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

Friend Editor,—Now I know exactly what you are sayin': you're a sayin', "d—n that Boots, he aint got no honesty;—he promised me to let me hear from him a week ago, and I aint got a scratch from him yet."

Well, now, honesty's a thing that's gone clean out o' vogue, now-a-days, and consequently there's no demand for it, (except now and then in Courts of Justice, and *they* are rarely held, you know,) and therefore it's become a heavy article, and a very uncertain thing to spec'late in. Some profess to keep it "on hand," (a small supply,) in case of a call; but it's gin'rally on the back shelf, and rarely brought forrard. 'Taint a profitable thing, and no man gits along who depends on a large lot of it. The reason why:—Several years ago Uncle Sam, he set the example of doin' without it: he said, (and what he says goes for gospill, you know,) he said 'twarn't "hexpedient," 'twould ruin the Government. Well, not wishing to dispute Uncle's word, (knowin' he was a heap smarter than we all,) we kind a followed in Uncle Sam's tracks; it went a little warbling at first, but arter a while it come quite nat'ral. Uncle Sam told me one day, seein' I didn't keep step exactly, and kinder squinted out o' the track, says he, "Boots, you make a bungling business of this thing, and seem to put a rye-face upon it; but depend upon it, 'taint the article it's crack'd up to be. Honesty," says he, "is a very good thing in *subjects* for payin' o' taxes. O, yes," says he, "it's very good for taxes: a man ought to always pay his taxes—certain he ought," says he, "for there's nothin' better than payin' o' taxes; for if he didn't, Boots, he'd stop the wheels o' Government; therefore, it's a good thing for them that's on the weak side; but for men in power, you know, Major, (sorter sweet'ning me up,) it's quite another affair—quite, indeed. O! quite; for 'might,' you know, 'makes right;' and, 'whatever is, is right.'" Well, seein' Uncle had the strong argument all on his side, I kind a slid out the scrape and give in, because there was no disputin' that definition—"whatever made right was right." Well, when I went back home, I writ it down on paper; I writ the kind o' right that *might* gives, and the kind the *law* gives; and findin' both words were spelt just exactly alike, I concluded they belonged to the same family, and that our Uncle Sam was *right* sure enough. This accounts for *my* not keepin' my word with you, for I had a great high example to go by.

Never mind, this thing kept stickin' in my craw—I could not swallow it, it wouldn't go down: and it's the only thing I ever saw that wouldn't go down when well greased and well shoved. I went 'long down the street, and a spry-looking chap, well-dressed, and mighty perlite, says he, "Stop here, Mister, don't you want to 'make expenses' while you are in town?" "No," says I; "I have made more already than I can pay for, I'm afeer'd, and I aint a gyne to deal with you." "Oh!" says he, "you don't understand me, I'll deal for you, and maybe you may win an eternal fortune." Says he, "Step in here, here are sights here to be seen." I walked in and lookt at his implements, and says I, "I don't choose any—I thank you." Says he, "Look here, here's just the thing to suit you—here's U. S. A." Says I, "That's 'Uncle Sam's Army,' that's been making expenses too long; I wouldn't choose any—I thank you." Says he, "Don't be in a hurry, you aint seen half yet:" says he, "it reads ary way you like it—Uncle Sam's Army, or, You Save All; or, if you like the classics," says he, "it reads S. U. A., *sua*, which means 'every man for himself,' or he said "every man gits *his*." "Well," says I, "if every man gits *your'n* you must do a bad business. But," says I, "there's so many versions to it I'm afeer'd I might choose the wrong turn. I wouldn't choose any, I thank you, as my friend said when he drank two finger-glasses dry, and the waiter handed him the third." So I boom'd for Broadway, and I kind-a found out, if a man will go a gleaning in the field of knowledge, he may git his hands full without pulling things up by the roots—a process at all times to be avoided, as it smacks of violence and radicalism.

Now I aint a gyne to hurt you: don't dodge, I aint gyne to come an *extract* over you, but if I didn't pick up a *big sheaf* in a walk up Broadway, I aint Boots. You see I left the Globe Hotel pretty reasonably *swipy*, (made so by glorious imbibition,) and just in the right mood for seeing points in a ridic'lous light, and sayin' sharp things according: a mood and tense very desirable in a noo country, where vices are to be reformed, and vulgarities refined. Now, then, go it, Boots.

I shoved my hands down into my breeches' pockets, pulled my beaver low down on my *forward*, (as a friend o' mine says when he means to be mighty correct,) and I took a steady *synoptical* of all who passed. It's astonishing what a command of oneself a slow gait gives one in a crowd.

Well, I "com'd across," not exactly "a big raccoon," but an obese, bow-legged man, who had a strong tendency to a double-tripe, and laid great stress on one side in walking. Seein' him a-while oppress one leg so by this partial emphasis, I grew unhappy in my sympathy for his dexter extremity, and assuring him I had no sinister motive in view, begged he would be so good as to "do it a little on t'other side," not "way over yonder towards the Court-house" exactly, but jest a bit on his left *trokhauter*. He kind-a lookt at me sorter *chaggrin'd*, as a friend o' mine says, and the way he struck it off arterwards, heels out and toes in, and a plenty o' day-light between, all the weight on one side, and kind-a on the 'kreen, was a thing not every day to be seen. As he went off by me, I took out my note-book, and writ him down "genus mamalia"—a big bully on bow legs—an unfortunate case of *permanent "gestation."* I have since learned that this "carvature" in his "supporters" is entirely the result of *super*-incumbent *stomach*. Most *supporters*, you know, will *lean* to *one* side when *hard-pressed*. "Hence," (a term very applicable here, as indicative of a *conclusion*; by the way, I have a heap to tell you about my Latin friend, and his word "hence," but not wishing to bring two parentheses together, any more than I would put two females in the same bed, I must "go" "hence" another time.) Well, as I was sayin', hence, if I have a sympathy for any object in natur', 'tis a bow-legged man, and purely on the principle of the obliquity with which he *stands* likely to be charged by a suspicious world. For instance, I once knew a man to get into a terrible hobble on the wharf, from his unwittingly *standing* sponsor *over* a lot of luggage accidentally rolled between his legs while he was "a-musing." (Excuse the parenthesis, but poetry in a bow-legged man!—that won't do, Boots: the muses, I am sure, have better taste than to receive the addresses of bow-legged men!) He was instantly suspected of *al-leg*-al appropriation, and had apartments kindly provided for him in one of the public's buildings until 9 o'clock next morning, when an escort introduced him to the mayor of the town, who adjudged his case to be one of *natural* infirmity, and acquitted him of all *obliquitous* intention in the act. "Hence," again, let parents be cautious in putting their children (especially *female* ones) on their legs at too early an age, as the super-incumbent weight might cause their supporting extremities (you know what a "*supporting* extremity" is in a female case, I 'spose) to swerve, (hence, go astray, and the like,) and the consequence of so much betweenity might be seriously calamitous to them.

More anon, I'm in a hurry now; I'll give you the rest of the "sheave" next week. I have just heer'd of a black meeting, with black resolutions printed, expressive of black grief for the death of a *white* black advocate. As it goes a leetle ahead of a hearse-kiver in the color on't, I'm jest a-gyne to 'xamine the textre, to see if it can't be pulled to pieces cleverly. The *printin'* of them resolutions in a public journal is said to be very *black* indeed.

Boors.

P.S. If you can't make this out, send for the "red-heared interpreter."

AQUATIC SPORTS.

On Friday last a Regatta came off at Castle Garden for a beautiful 36 foot boat. The following result is furnished by an obliging correspondent:—

Brooklyn,	four oars, built by Crolius	1
Experiment,	" " " " Shamburgh	2
Gypsey,	" " " " Shamburgh	3
S. J. Willis,	" " " " Leitz	dist.

Time, 22 minutes. Distance, 3½ miles.

The Brooklyn won by about a length only. The Gypsey took the lead, but being manned by a light crew, had to give way to superior bone and muscle. The Brooklyn was manned by four of the *Disowned* Club, and the S. J. Willis by four of the crew of the *Spark*, which was *no where* at the finish.

Edwin Forrest, six oars, built by Benj. Shamburgh	1

No other boat was entered against her.

March, $500 a-side; Four oars each. Distance, 5 miles.

Shamburgh, built by B. Shamburgh	1
Independence, " " Crolius	2

The Shamburgh was manned by Whitehallers, the Independence by Newarkers. The Shamburgh came in 400 yards ahead with ease. She is now the crack 4 oared boat, never having been beaten. There was too much difference in the models of the boats for the Independence to win.

The Spark vs. *Disowned.*—We recommend to these two boats, as there is no way of amicably settling their dispute, to row a straight race of 5 miles, for the bone of contention now between them.

New York vs. *Georgia.*—In answer to the challenge given the "Aquatic Club of Georgia" by a New York Club (published in this paper on the 27th July), the editor of the *Brunswick* (Ga.) *Advocate* remarks:—

"We feel at liberty to assure the Challengers that the *Georgia Aquatic Club* are most ready and anxious to do their part in arranging this trial of speed, and that they will very shortly hear from them, with proposals for arranging definitely the necessary preliminaries."

The New Yorkers' challenge was to the following effect:—

"We, the undersigned, will row against the Georgia Aquatic Club, with a boat not to exceed thirty-five feet in length, manned by five men, the coxswain included, for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars. We will also row them a match for Five Thousand Dollars with a twenty-five foot boat, to be rowed by two men; or we will row them one match for the whole amount."

THE QUEBEC REGATTA.

The weather at Quebec on Wednesday was more favorable for the Regatta, and the aquatic sports commenced about half past one o'clock with a rowing match between the six-oared boats. Large parties of ladies and gentlemen embarked on board the *Eagle* and *Lumber Merchant* steamers, which moved about the harbor, and down as far as the Falls of Montmorenci, giving those on their decks an excellent opportunity for witnessing the different contests. Bands of music were on board each vessel, and contributed much to the general enjoyment.

Between two and three o'clock his Excellency the Governor General, with the Countess of Durham and family, went on board H. M. S. Malabar, which vessel, with the other men-of-war in port, manned their yards. The Malabar fired the usual salute, after which she fired off the whole of her lower tier of guns, producing a deafening effect. After visiting the Malabar, his Excellency went on board the Racehorse, when she immediately got under weigh, and proceeded down as far as the Island of Orleans, accompanying the sail-boats on their return. His Excellency landed from on board the Racehorse about half-past five o'clock, under a salute. Quebec Gazette.

First Class—Yachts.—Entrance 2*l.* each. The first yacht to receive the Governor General's Cup, value 25*l.*—2d, 7*l.* 10s. from the Stewards—and the 3d to save the entrance money.

Mr. Gilmour's *Victoria*	1
Mr. Burnet's *Rattlesnake*	2
Hon. Col. Gore's *Red Bird*	3
Mr. Sharples' *Crusader*	4
Mr. Metcalf's *Jemseljee*	5
Mr. Peacock's *Astyanax*	6

The following were not placed:—

Mr. Park's *Shamrock*	.
Mr. Hunter's *Midge*	.
Mr. Usborne's *Algerine*	.

Time and Distance not given.

Row Boats, First Class—Entrance 3*l.* The first boat to receive 20*l.*, 2d 5*l.* Six Oars. Gentlemen Amateurs.

Hon. Captain Villier's *Death*. Crew—Hon. F Villiers, Coldstream Gds., Mr. Wright, Grenadier Gds., Capt. Ridley, do., Hon. Capt. Lindsay, do., Capt. Elrington, Coldstream Gds., Hon. Capt. Leicester, Grenadier Gds.; Coxswain, Mr. Bushe	1
Mr. Gordon's *Quill Driver*. Crew—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Gordon, Mr. J. Gillespie, Mr. Young, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. Maxham; Coxswain, Mr. Gethings	2
Quebec Rowing Club's *Trial*. Crew—Mr. Hickson, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Lemesurier, Mr. White; Coxswain, Mr. A. Burus	3

The Quill Driver lost a starboard oar early in the race.

Four Oars—Entrance 2*l.* The first boat to receive 16*l.*, the 2d 4*l.*

Quebec Rowing Club's *St. Lawrence*, (built by Cotnam, Quebec). Crew—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Young, Mr. Maxham; Coxswain, Mr. Gethings	1
Hon. Col. Grey's *Father Thames* (Searle, London). Crew—Lord Beauclerk, Royals, Mr. Hunter, 71st Regt, Mr. Wright, Grenadier Gds., Mr. Windham, Royals; Coxswain, Mr. Rogers, Q. M. G. Dept	2
Mr. Gordon's *Quill Driver* (Cotnam, Quebec). Crew—Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. C. Bruce, Mr. J. Gillespie, Mr. A. Burns; Coxswain, Mr. Colley	3
Mr. Scott's *Water Witch* (Nicol, Greenock). Crew—Mr. Bignell, Mr. Allen, Mr. McKennon, Mr. Cuppage	4

The rudder of Water Witch was carried away, at starting. The contest between the Father Thames and St. Lawrence was very close throughout the entire race.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM LOUISIANA.

Extract from a letter dated VIDALIA, (La.) 23d Aug., 1838.

This is a fine sporting country. Fishing, driving, hunting, and shooting, can be enjoyed ad libitum, and while I look upon them as very pretty perquisites to my office, it cannot be said that the situation is a sinecure, for occupation and action is necessary to their enjoyment.

The Cotton crops are promising well, and picking commenced yesterday, in this quarter, under favorable auspices.

The steam ship *Natchez* left Natchez this morning at nine o'clock, for New York. Great rejoicings were had on her arrival, full accounts of which you will find, of course, in your exchange papers. [She made the passage from New Orleans to N.Y. in nine days, and is now lying at one of the wharves in Brooklyn.]

Wild turkeys are very numerous here, the young ones being now in prime order for the table. I have "a new pleasure" in Turkey shooting, unknown to the inhabitants of Lower Louisiana.

I am sadly in want of a good deer dog—a staunch hound, a good trailer, and about 18 mos. or two years old, and of a thorough bred and well broke duck dog. The latter you might procure for me. For any such, that you will recommend to a friend, as something of the right sort, and if possible of good size, you may draw upon me, by the steam ship, on her return, for any sum in reason, if you can send me one out by the same conveyance. [Persons having dogs for sale of the kind required, will find a customer on application to the Editor, 157 Broadway.]

Will you permit me to say to you that I think you owe something of your well merited success to the fact that many of the articles in your paper are read with great pleasure by the ladies, and you should reflect that your paper, from the very nature of it, circulates amongst the best classes. Your supporters are the gentry throughout the country, and what pleases their families, many of them retired from cities, will be encouraged by them, apart from sporting considerations. One of your late papers, under the head of *Salmagundi*, contained some *smutty reply* of an English lady, to a silly remark of her husband, which was unworthy your taste and discrimination. I recommend your paper to the ladies. Let them have as much wit as you please, but nothing likely to cause a blush.

I may possibly be singular in thus remarking upon this subject, but I am not the less right, and I do it because I really cherish your paper, which I consider as worthy of all encouragement, and because, recommending it as I do to my friends, I do not want my own taste called in question. [The paragraph alluded to was inserted inadvertently, among other selections from English papers; our friend may be assured he shall have no cause of complaint, hereafter, on that head.]

Your well wisher, F. H. D.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The Fall campaign in Kentucky opened with spirit on the 29th ult., over the *Spring Hill Course* at Crab Orchard. It was excessively dusty and warm throughout the week, but the meeting went off with eclat, owing, in no inconsiderable degree, to the capital arrangements of the proprietor, Mr. H. W. FARRIS, whose exertions to keep the Club together, and promote the interest of the breeders in his section, are to be specially commended. The old club having expired by limitation, a few days preceding this meeting, a new one was organized, our agent writes us, with the following officers:—

Judges.
WELCOME ASHLOCK, WM. TAYLOR, and DAVIS THOMPSON, Esqrs.
Distance Judges.
T. W. STEVENS and R. J. POLLET, Esqrs.
Patrole Judges.
A. NELSON, A. WALDEN, D. SHANKS, H. BAILEY, and WM. P. BLANK, Esqrs.
Timer. THOS. E. LEEFE, Esq. | *Secretary.* S. V. MIDDLETON, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29, 1838—Stallion Stakes for 2 year olds; colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Four subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Samuel Davenport's ch. c. *Ebro*, by Frank, dam by Aratus	1	
Thos. Kennedy's br. c. *Gen. Faulkner*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Faulkner's Potomac	dist.	

Time, 1:58.

Faulkner was the favorite. Ebro cut out the work from the jump, and won the race without a struggle. Ebro was brought to the post by Mr. WALDEN, lately rom Georgia, and judging from his condition, we may safely anticipate for him a successful campaign.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $10; free for all ages; 2 year olds 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Robt. Mosby's b. h. *Bucephalus*, by Bertrand, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 6 y	6	4	1
Mason Thompson's b. m. *Mary McFarland*, by Columbus, dam by Grey Dungannon, 6 yrs	5	5	2
Josh. G. Boswell's b c. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	2	1	*
Saml. Davenport's ch. m. *Althea*, by Sir Archy of Transport, d by Doublehead, 5 y.	1	2	*
Reason Jordan's b. c. *Sailor Boy*, by Cropper, dam by Melser, 4 yrs	3	3	dr
Thos. Kennedy's b. f. *Susan Allen*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	4		dist.

Time, 1:52½—1:50—1:57. * Ruled out.

Susan had the track. After a false start, in which Bucephalus went nearly round before he could be pulled up, they got away in a crowd, Althea being several feet behind the rest. In the back stretch, Althea and Campbe ll took up the running, passed the other four, and after a severe struggle, the former won the heat by a length.

Second heat.—Susan had the lead for the first quarter, when Alexander took it from her, but was soon collared by Sailor Boy and Althea. The pace now being too severe for the Sailor, he retired, and after a brush between Campbell and the mare, the former came in a length in advanco.

Third heat.—Campbell was now the favorite. After an excellent start, Mary took the lead, with Bucephalus close up—Althea and Alexander in the rear; this position they maintained until near the home stretch, when Mary fell behind—the other three running neck and neck at a tremendous pace, until they came to the distance stand, when Alexander singled himself out, and won by several lengths. A charge of foul riding having been made, the Judges, according to the evidence given, declared both Alexander and Althea ruled out, and gave the race to Bucephalus.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Josh. G. Boswell's ch. f. *Picayune* (alias *Mary Richmond*), by Medoc, dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Samuel Davenport's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Wm. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs	2	3	3
Mason Thompson's (Samuel Aldridge's) b. c. *Collier Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs	4	4	dis
Thos. Kennedy's b. g. *Lewis Juston*, by White's Timoleon, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 6 yrs	5	5	dr

Time, 5:57—5:55—5:54.

Mary had the track and lead. In the 2d round the saddle of Collier slipped, which caused him to run under great disadvantage. Tais heat was severely contested between Mary and Musedora, and won by the latter.

The *Second heat* was nobly contested by Picayune and Musedora, the former winning by two lengths.

Third heat.—From the start Picayune and Musedora contested for the mastery, and though the latter and Mary made several desperate brushes, it was "no go," Picayune winning the heat by several lengths.

FRIDAY, Aug. 31—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. Kennedy's b. h. *John W. Kennedy* (alias *Ben Duncan*), by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry, 6 yrs	2	1	2	1
James Shy's ch c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs	3	4	1	2
H. W. Farris's b. h. *Splendour*, by Trumpator, out of the dam of Gazelle, 6 y.	7	2	*	
Robt. Mosby's b. h. *Bucephalus*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	6	5	*	
Mason Thompson's (Wm. Moberly's) b. f. *Mary Burnam*, by Sir Archy of Transpoit, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	1	3	dist.	
Reason Jordan's ch. m. *Melcy Lane*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	5	6	dr	
Wm. T. Ward's br. f. *Waxetta*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs	4		dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:56—3:55—4:01. * Ruled out.

Mary Burnam took the lead, and maintained it to the 2d round, when Kennedy passed her. The pace was severe until they reached the stretch home, when Mary passed John, and won by a few feet.

Second heat.—They went off in a crowd, Mary coming out first, followed by Splendor, who made the running for the first mile. In the first quarter of the 2d mile Kennedy came up, challenged them both, and won the heat with ease.

Third heat.—Bucephalus took the lead at the start, but Kavanagh soon passed him. Kennedy then came up, and a short, but interesting contest took place, which terminated in favor of Kavanagh.

By the Rules of the Club, Splendor and Bucephalus, not having won a heat out of three, could not start for the 4th.

Fourth heat.—Kavanagh was the favorite at from 5 to 10 to 1 vs. Kennedy. Kavanagh had the lead for the first mile and a quarter, when Kennedy passed him, and maintained his advantage to the end, winning with plenty to spare.

SATURDAY, Sept. 1—Post Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, P.P., added to a Silver Pitcher, valued at $100, given by the Proprietor; weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Shy's ch. f. *Barbara Allen*, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter	2	1	1
Josh. G. Boswell's gr. c. *Nelson Dudley*, by Medoc—Gray Fanny by Bertrand	1	2	2
Robt. Mosby's ch. c. *Guy of Warwick*, by Frank, dam by Old Hamiltonian	dist.		

Time, 3.51—3:52—3:59.

This race was well contested. Barbara was the favorite, though the betting was rather small until after the first heat, when odds to a large amount was offered in avor of the colt.

FREDERICK (Md.) FALL RACES.

The course at the City of Frederick is but 1314 yards round, so that instead of designating distances by miles, it is done by "rounds," thus, "a round and repeat," in lieu of mile heats. A gentleman present has obligingly furnished the report annexed:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 4, 1838—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Molinera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs	1	1
Murray Shillings' br. m. *Lady Lightfoot*, by Industry, dam unknown, 5 yrs	3	2
John B. Swearingen's ch. c. *Robert White*, by Tremendous, d. by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	3
Henry Shepherd's imp. b. h. *Nicholas*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 5 yrs	4	dr
John W. Watson's br. g. by Black Warrior, dam and age unknown	dist.	
Joel Wood's b. f. *Kentucky Bag*, pedigree omitted, did not get off		

Won cleverly. Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5—Purse $150, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Geo. Loudenslager's b. g. *Rattler*, by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, 7 yrs	1	1
J. B. Kendall's (John Adams') b. f. by Snowstorm, dam by Farquier Potomac, 4 yrs	2	2

No time kept.

THURSDAY, Sept. 6—Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. *Polly Moss*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tranp, 3 yrs	2	2

Won with ease. Time not kept.

QUEBEC (L. C.) AUTUMN RACES.

We have received from our special correspondent the annexed report of the Quebec Autumn Races, which came off on Monday the 3d inst., over the Plains of Abraham. The approaches to the Course from every quarter were thronged from ten o'clock, and by one the concentration of the multitude on the hill along the side of the course, and on the Stand, presented a spectacle of the most splendid description; there could not have been less than 15,000 people present. The COUNTESS OF DURHAM, the Ladies LAMBTON and their brother Viscount LAMBTON were on the course with a select party, but we regret to say that His Excellency, the Governor General, was prevented by indisposition from attending the sports he has liberally patronised in this province, and in which he at one time was conspicuously and honorably successful in the mother country, on the most celebrated courses in the North of England, in which are his Lordship's family estates. The Course was in excellent order, and some additional rails have been put up, which tend greatly to the security of the spectators in the case of horses bolting. A small stand has been erected adjoining the judges seat for the accommodation of His Excellency's family. It is fitted up in an appropriate style and commands a good view of the course from the last turn to the winning post.

MONDAY, Sept. 3, 1838—Match, $100 a-side. Weight, 9st. 7lb. each. Half a mile.

Mr. Motz's b. h. *Huron*, aged	1
Mr. Villier's imp. ch. g. *Partner*	2

Time not given.

Huron was the favorite. A very pretty race, and well contested. Won by about half a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race—Her Majesty's Plate* of 50 guineas, ent. 5*l.*, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes. Weights, for 3 year olds, 8st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 3lb.—5, 9st 9lb.—6 and aged, 10st. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Anderson's b. m. *Maria*, by Brilliant, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. Gugy's b. g. *Trump*, by Telescope, aged	3	2
Hon. R. U. Harwood's b. h. *Reynard*, by Vantriuel, 4 yrs	2	dist.
Capt. Daniell's ch. g. *Veteran*, by Imp. Lebean, aged	4	dr

Time, 4:06—4:10.

Maria was decidedly the favorite. She led off each time, and won both heats under a hard pull.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—The *Ladies' Purse*, ent. $5, to which the Stewards will add $100; free for all horses; weights, for aged horses, 10st. 7lb.; each year under, allowed 7lb. Mile heats. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Motz's b. h. *Huron*, pedigree unknown, aged	Mr. Bernard	1	1
Lieut. Guy's (81st Regt.) ch. g. *Richmond*, by Eclipse, 6 yrs	———	5	2
Capt. Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Imp. Autocrat, 4 yrs	Capt. Boyle	2	3
Capt. Conroy's b. h. *Timoleon*, by Sir Charles, aged	———	4	4
Col. Gugy's ch. h. *Beau*, by Imp. Valentine, aged	———	3	5

Time, 2:05—2:02.

The Queen was the favorite at 2 and 3 to 1 against the field. Huron showed speed and bottom that even his backers had not anticipated—he had decidedly the foot of the field, and won both heats easily.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race*—The *Trial Stakes* of $5 each, to which the Stewards will add $100; for all horses bred in the Canadas, which have never won a race in Quebec, Montreal, or Three Rivers; 4 year olds to carry 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 7lb. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. P. Cunningham's b. g. *Duroc*, by Imp. Lebean, 6 yrs	1	1
Capt. Daniell's ch. g. *Veteran*, pedigree above, aged	2	dist.
Mr. Hamilton's b. g. *Pompey*, pedigree unknown, aged	3	dist.
Col. Gugy's ch. g. *Tramp*, " " 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 2:02—2:05.

Duroc was the favorite. He went off with the lead at a good pace, was never headed, and won easily. In the 2d heat he disposed of his customers in an off hand way, and won his race in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race*—The *Scurry Stakes* of $5 each, to which the Stewards will add $60; catch weights; one thire of a mile; Gentlemen riders; winner to be sold for 40*l.*, if demanded, &c.

Mr. A. Baird's ch. h. *Sir Charles*, by Sir Charles, aged	1
Mr. Richards' b. m. *Flying Childers*, by Childers, aged	2
Capt. Conroy's bl. g. *Black Prince*, 6 yrs	3
Hon. Capt. Boyles' bl. g. *Black Hawk*, 6 yrs	4
Capt. Lindsay's br. m. *The Nun*, by Henry, 5 yrs	dist.

Time not given.

After a false start they got off well together, and entered the quarter stretch in a ruck, at a tremendous rate, Sir Charles a little in advance, with Childers close at his heels. After a severe contest, the former succeeded in winning by about half a length only.

SAME DAY—*Sixth Race*—The *Bonnet Rouge Stakes* of $20, ent. $1, for all horses of thorough Canadian breed; One mile; Habitant riders.

Mr. Gosselin's h. *St Gervais*	1

Three others started, but were not placed.

TUESDAY, Sept. 4—*Hurdle Race*—Ent. $4 each, to which the Stewards will add $100; free for all horses; Two miles; Gentlemen riders; weight, 11st. each.

Mr. Richards' ch. g. *Waverley*, by Duroc, aged	Mr. Cunningham	1
Capt. Boyles' bl. g. *Black Hawk*	Capt. Lambert	2
Capt. Tyssen's *Rolicking Bob*	Lieut. Guy	3
Capt. Daniell's ch. g. *Veteran*, aged	———	4
Mr. Lambert's *Shamrock*	———	5

Time not given.

Another delightful day, and the attendance was immense. His Excellency the Governor General and family honored the course with their presence.

This race excited considerable interest, and was decidedly the best contested and most interesting one of the meeting. At the start, Rolicking Bob went off with the lead, Waverley next, they all took the 1st and 2d hurdles in most admirable style, Waverley then came up, gave Bob the go-bye, and maintained his position throughout, winning the heat by two or three lengths, in most gallant style.

SAME DAY—*Second Race—His Excellency's Cup*, value 100*l.*, ent. $10, for all horses bona fide the property of Her Majesty's subjects, residing in the Canadas, and in their possession for one calendar month previous to these Races. Once round the course and a distance. Gentlemen riders. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards. Ten horses to start, or no race. Winner to be sold for 100*l.*

Capt. Conroy's bl. g. *Black Prince*	Lord Alexander	1
——— *Timoleon*	Mr. Horrock	2
Mr. Richards' *Flying Childers*	Lieut. Guy, 81st Regt.	3
Mr. Jocelyn's imp. b. h. *Negotiator*	Owner	4
Mr. Prendergast's *Shillelah*	Capt. Lindsay	5
Col. Gugy's *Beau*	Mr. Mears	6
Col. Gore's *Moccasin*	———	7
Col. Gugy's *Fleta*	———	dr
Col. Gore's *Celeste*	———	dr
Mr. Anderson's b. m. *Maria*	———	dr

Time not given.

Only seven horses started for this race; His Excellency being upon the course, was pleased to permit this deviation from the terms on which the Cup was given, in consequence of accidents having happened to some of the horses. Betting was in favor of Negociator against the field. After a false start, they all got off well; Timoleon taking the lead, followed closely by Negociator, Black Prince next, about two lengths in the rear. They continued in this order for about half a mile, when Black Prince changed places with Negociator, collared Timoleon on entering the quarter stretch, and a severe struggle ensued between them, which resulted in Black Prince coming in ahead about half a length.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—The *Quebec Stakes* of $20 each, to which the Stewards will add $200, for all horses; 2d horse to save his entrance. Weights as in the Trial Stakes. A winner of one race to carry 7lb., and of two, 14lb. extra. Two mile heats. Three to start or no race.

Mr. Geo. W. Yarker's ch. m. *Rival*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's b. g. *Duroc*, by Lebeau, 6 yrs	2	2
Mr. Richards' gr. h. *April Fool*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, aged	3	3

Time, 4:10—2d heat not kept.

Rival was the favorite—she took the lead in both heats, and won with great ease.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race*—The *Garrison Plate* of $200, ent. $5; for all horses bona fide the property of Officers of the Army one month previous to the races. Weights as in the Trial Stakes. The winner of any race to carry 7lb. extra. Mile heats. Gentlemen riders.

Col. Whyte's imp. b. g. *Cheroot*, aged, 9st. 7lb	Lord Alexander	1	1
Capt. Conroy's b. h. *Timoleon*, aged, 10st. 3lb	Mr. Horrocks	3	2
Col. Gore's b. g. *Moccasin*, 5 yrs. 9st	———	4	3
Mr. Villiers' ch. g. *Partner*, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb	Capt. Boyle	2	dr
Capt. Scott's ch. g. *Bugler*, aged, 9st. 7lb	———	dist.	

Time not kept.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race*—The *Hack Sweepstakes* of $5 each, for horses that are not in training, 10st. 7lb. each; one third of a mile; Gentlemen riders.

Mr. S. Hough's b. m. *Betsey Buckley*	1

For the above stakes nine horses started, but the winner is the only one mentioned by our correspondent.

We learn from the last "Mercury" of the following private match:—

SATURDAY, Sept. 8—Match, 50*l.* a-side, Two mile heats.

Mr. Anderson's *Maria* (winner of the Queen's Plate)	1	1
Mr. Prendergast's *Shillelagh*	2	2

Won handily. Time not given.

JOHN BASCOMBE AND THE GEORGIA TURF.

HAMPTON COURSE, Augusta, Ga., September 5, 1838.

FRIEND PORTER,—In your very useful and interesting paper, I saw some time ago, a communication, intimating that *John Bascombe* would be carried to Kentucky, preparatory to his next season, and that he would occupy a stand near Louisville. It is not the case; he will still remain at the Hampton Course, under my direction, where he made his first essay. The old war chief, Col. CROWELL, has just returned from Kentucky. Various applications were made in different sections of our country, for the horse, but on his return, in a consultation with me, he yielded particularly to the wishes of Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama. Petition after petition flowed in to me from those States, requesting and entreating that Col. Crowell would allow the horse of horses to remain; and no wonder they should, for no horse ever produced a finer lot of colts than himself. For symmetry, gay and game-like appearance, unsurpassed; for action and playfulness, unequalled. In fact, John Bascombe is destined to become the favorite of the United States. Col. Growell acted perfectly correct in gratifying the wishes of his southern friends, not infringing upon his rights particularly, but John being a southern horse, they view him nearly as common property; and the old Col., in the openness of his heart, has thrown aside all pecuniary considerations, and gratified their wishes.

The campaign commences in this State on the 9th of October, at Columbus. EDMONDSON'S stable has left for that place. LOVELL and HAMMOND, MORRISON and LEVERICH, are training at my place; each of them have some good ones. Hammond says he has four that he will match against any locomotives in your section. *Guedron*, *Gerow*, and *Target*, are moving finely. Morrison's colts are untried, but their appearance is flattering. *Ajarrah Harrison* is moving in style; in fact, we have every evidence of having fine sport this season, and should be extremely glad to see you here. In haste, I remain your friend,

F. W. LACY.

It appears that Lord Ward means to enter upon the sports of the field in the coming season with great spirit. His Lordship has commenced by taking one of the most celebrated grouse countries in the north, extending over 10,000 acres; and a retinue of keepers, &c., are now being engaged against the opening campaign. Court Journal.

On Tuesday last a trotting match against time came off on the Newark road, from Retford. A bay horse, belonging to Mr. Dennett, was backed by Mr. Steels, a commercial traveller, to trot 14 miles within the hour. Time was backed at 6 to 1; the horse came in in gallant style, being very little distressed, and having four minutes and 34 seconds to spare.

FIELD SPORTS IN ILLINOIS.

Who has not heard of the prairies of the West? Who of the lovers of Nature has not read with delight of those verdant, flowery plains, with their island groves, presenting every variety of slope and wavy undulation? For myself, a long familiarity has not blunted my perception of their beauty, nor dimmed the emotion with which I love to gaze till my eye is satiated, and my heart filled with the calm loveliness of the scene. Nor is a sterner view of the landscape without its excitement; when winter has stripped it of its verdure, and the biting northwester sweeping with unimpeded fury across the plain, leaves it to the undisturbed possession of the wolf and the "prairie hen."

It is not, however, to discourse of Nature, with her

> "Hills, and dales, and shady woods,
> And sunny plains,"

that I now purpose. As a lover of Field Sports, I would fain recal some of the pleasures that these same regions have afforded me. Perhaps, in fact, if I were taxed, I would own "the soft impeachment," that it would be difficult to say exactly in what proportion my admiration should be divided between the landscape "ever charming, ever new," and the "glorious sport" offered by the endless quantity of game it shelters.

These enjoyments have lost none of their zest, from the fact, that as yet they have been shared by but few capable of appreciating them; for the late influx of emigration has brought men bent on something more substantial than admiring the beauties of nature, and whose occupations have left them no time for a systematic pursuit of the *feras in natura*. But these times of seclusion are fast passing by; and whatever is said with the hope of wearing an air of novelty, must be said quickly.

To speak plainly, the "Spirit of the Times" has reached us. We are determined not to be behind our old neighbors; and *coute qu'il coute*, we are to have our rail-roads, with so noble an impatience, too, of delay or calculation that, instead of completing (as some narrow-minded individuals have recommended), some one great route, and so advancing with others in time, as may be needed, we have resolved at once to commence some twenty different roads, and to trust to Providence, which is said to exercise over lunatics an especial supervision, to complete any of them. These routes are, in fact, already staked out, and every *Sucker** is contemplating the prospect of being within hearing of the rumble of a locomotive.

In view of all this, I cannot but anticipate the time when a grouse hunt in Illinois will be no more to your sportsmen than an excursion to Islip, or Hempstead plains. A vision even now flits before my fancy of swarms of citizens, arrayed in shooting jackets, and equipped with pointers and double-barrels, startling the solitude of the prairies, and astonishing the natives with all the "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" of city sportsmanship; contributing, too, by their exploits, to reduce the price of the far-famed grouse in the New York market, from five dollars the pair to something nearer the Illinois standard, of six and a fourth cents apiece.

> "That day (for come it will), that day
> Shall I lament to see."

If Mahomet were contriving a paradise for sportsmen, Illinois might well serve him for a model; its even surface and firm turf adapting it well for the chase, "with hounds and horn," of the deer, the wolf, and the fox. And the abundance of the cover, the low hazel thickets, and the open woods affording the perfection of sport to those who, like myself, delight to witness

> How in his mid career the spaniel struck
> Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
> Outstretched and finely sensible, draws full
> Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey.

Early in the spring we are visited by the *English Snipe* in great quantities, every ravine having its share, and the larger meadows especially abounding with

* To those who are so ignorant of the *American tongue* as to need the explanation, it may be well to say that the above euphonious epithet is applied in common parlance to an inhabitant of Illinois.

t hem. One of the finest day's sport in my recollection, I enjoyed among these birds last spring, when two of us in about two hours and a half bagged fifty, and then quit for lack, not of "argument," but of ammunition. They are fatter than I have ever seen anywhere else, and are a perfect *bonne bouche*. They remain till May, and re-visit us again in the fall.

The *Woodcock* is a rare bird; in fact, it is only within a year or two that I have seen it here at all. They appear, however, to be increasing, and last fall afforded considerable sport. In the northern parts of the State, especially in the swamps near Chicago, I am told they are very abundant.

The yellow-legged *Plover* appear in considerable numbers in the spring and early part of summer. They are frequently found in company with the snipe, but do not confine themselves so closely to the low grounds, and are often seen, sometimes solitary, seldom in flocks of more than a dozen, on the highest parts of the prairies.

The country bordering on the great rivers is visited during the spring and fall by every variety of migratory water fowl. Ducks, Geese, Brant, Swans, Pelicans, and the gigantic Sandhill Crane, are to be seen at all hours, either holding on their course, or tarrying in the ponds, swamps, and lagoons in the river bottoms. Ducks are easily shot, and are very plenty. The larger fowls are more wary, and as they are, moreover, of less value for the table, are but little hunted.

The flight of the *Crane* and the *Pelican* is peculiarly magnificent. The deep, sonorous note of the former will sometimes be heard resounding through the air, and seeming to fill the whole atmosphere, when it is only upon a careful observation that the birds from whom it proceeds can be seen, towering in the air, and leisurely sailing in majestic circles at such an immense height, as to appear mere specks in the heavens. I have no doubt that I have heard their cries when they have been distant at least three miles.

Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,
Now light with noise, with noise the field resounds.

They will occasionally alight in the upland pratries, and some idea may be formed of their size from the fact, that they are often mistaken for deer.

The *Pelicans* are remarkable for the beauty and grace of their evolutions. A flock will sometimes remain over the same neighborhood for hours, seemingly amusing themselves by wheeling with the regularity of an army, now sinking, now rising, apparently without effort, and ever and anon, as the whole flock will sometimes glance back the rays of the sun from their brilliant plumage, the effect is beautiful beyond description.

Turkies are very abundant, but their shyness and swiftness of foot render it no easy matter to shoot them. The plans that are attended with the most success are either for the hunter to conceal himself and draw the flock around him by imitating their *call*, or to discover where they roost, and repair to the spot before daylight, when several can sometimes be shot before they will take to flight.

But the game that perhaps of all others would most strike the fancy of an Eastern sportsman is the *Grouse*, or as it is commonly called the "*Prairie Hen*." The abundance of this magnificent bird must be seen to be realized. A solitary bird will occasionally start from under the feet of the traveller's horse; or they will more commonly be seen in flocks of many hundreds, foraging in the cornfields, on which they levy heavy, and on the part of the owners, by no means cheerfully granted, contributions. But when corn is left out in the field, as is frequently the case, till after Christmas, the carelessness of the farmer would seem to leave him no right to complain that a part of his harvest is gathered by those who if they had no hand in planting it, will at least, if properly served up on his table, render him something like an equivalent for their depredations. Speaking of cooking (as Mr. Gilbert Glossin would say), the result of my experiments in that way may not be unacceptable. The bird *crede experto* should not be drawn till immediately before it is designed to cook it; then without washing out fill the cavity with boiled rice; roast lightly before a brisk fire, and serve up with a sauce of gravy, wine, (either Madeira or Claret,) orange peel, and cayenne; eat it with currant jelly; and say, with all the gravity the importance of the question demands, whether so delicious a morsel was ever before submitted to your palate.

To turn, however, from the table to the prairie. In the spring of the year, the trumpetings of these birds form one of the most striking of our "rural sports delightful." In the vicinity of the high prairies, at the first peep of day, these trumpetings commence, varied with every intonation of cackling; now resembling the shoutings of men, now perfectly imitating the scolding of women. All this will be kept up for hours, accompanied with the most amusing manœuvres. An old rooster will take possession of some knoll or bare spot, and strut about with swelled neck and expanded tail, shouting the while with all his might; while another spot will be the scene of a contest between two rivals, kept up with a prodigious bouncing and fluttering, without, I believe, ever terminating in any very serious injury to either party.

They lay from a dozen to fifteen eggs, and bring forth their broods very early. The young birds are fit to shoot in August, and in fact that month and September are the only times when they will lie for a dog. Any quantity of them can then be killed, as their size and even flight, make them an easy shot. Later in the season they become very wild, seldom allowing themselves to be approached nearer than fifty yards, flying generally a great distance before alighting. It is very common to see them perched in trees on the edge of the prairie (for they rarely venture far into the woods), where, at 75 to 100 yards, they afford good practice with the rifle.

The *Partridge* or *Quail* next claims our attention—my favorite among the birds of game, connected as they are with recollections of the time when the height of my ambition was to crawl upon the unsuspecting covey, and (hopeless of "bringing them from the towering wing,") perpetrate a wholesale slaughter, from which the more matured feelings of a sportsman would recoil with horror. It is this bird at last that must afford the sportsman the most constant and agreeable amusement. The regular pursuit of the Grouse is confined to but a short period, and the labor of carrying any quantity of such large game is intolerable. Snipe or waterfowl must be sought for in wet grounds, generally at a season of the year, too, when a wetting is peculiarly unpleasant. But the *habitat* of the Partridge is on the high and open grounds, where the pure autumnal and winter breezes string the frame to its highest tension to resist fatigue. It is in the pursuit of this bird, too, that the *Pointer* shews to most advantage; and whether in winding from afar, and drawing cautiously on the covey, or setting with eager eye and statute-like immobility the scattered birds in their concealment, gives us most reason to admire his wonderful instinct.

They are astonishingly abundant, hardly a hazel thicket but has its covey, from whence your dog will drive them to the open prairie, where the long dead grass affords the best of cover. It is seldom that a days' hunt has rewarded me with less than twenty, and I have got into the neighborhood of forty. The best dog for this country is unquestionably the largest sized *Setter*. The grass is long and very rough, and the thickets close and strong. Strength, therefore, and bottom, are essential requisites to enable a dog to stand a day's hunt.

Of *Pheasants* I am sorry to say our notice must be as brief as the celebrated chapter (in Horrebow's history) on the snakes of Ireland, which the historian fills up with the pithy remark that "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island." This *hiatus maxime deflendus* is the more remarkable, as they abound in some parts of Missouri immediately contiguous, and for what I know may be found in some parts of this state; for my remarks, it may be as well to mention, are intended only for the middle of the state, in the vicinity of the Mississippi river.

I have said nothing of *Deer-hunting*; the abundance and cheapness of venison, however, gives conclusive evidence that of them, too, there is no scarcity. But the truth is, my experience lies but little in that way; as I have never been able to extract much amusement from crawling through the woods all day with a heavy rifle, for the "desperate chance" of eluding the vigilance of this most watchful of animals; an exploit, by the way, which I have well nigh abandoned all hopes of accomplishing (perhaps *hinc illæ lachrymæ*). The first intimation I have generally had of their presence in my rambles, has been the seeing of them under full headway with white tail erect, at some 150 yards distance.

Such are some of the field sports of Illinois. Methinks they are sufficiently varied to tempt even an eastern sportsman to risk the drownings, the burnings, and the scaldings incident to a steam boat voyage on the Western waters, for the sake of a few months enjoyment of them, always bearing in mind, that in a few years much of the eclat of the exploit will be lost, from the facility with which it can be accomplished. J. M. H.

ESTHER COOPER'S RACE AT LOUISVILLE.

We learn from a correspondent, whose letter is subjoined, that an error of *a second* occurred in our publication of the time of the 2d heat of a mile race at Louisville last June! We lose not a *moment* in correcting an error so *momentous*, though it would appear that of the two original reports we published, the *second* one contained the identical error of *a second* (if error it was) made in the first. Our special correspondent was one of the official timers, we believe, and we had his authority for the first report; Mr. HARALSON, an experienced turfman of Louisiana, subsequently sent us another, in which the time of the race referred to corresponded with that given by our agent. The race came off on the 5th of June, and was for a free Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor for 3 yr. olds, colts taking up 86lbs., and fillies 83lbs, to which there were nine subscribers: Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. *Esther Cooper*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy	2	1	1
Woods S. Miller's ch. f *Minerva Miller*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko	1	2	2
Benj. Maloney's b. c. *Collin*, by Imp. Zilcadi, dam unknown	dist.		

Time, 1:54—1:51—1:59.

The above was our version of the race; our correspondent avers that the time of the second heat was 1:50 (the only error in either of our reports), and as his statement appears to have the sanction of the Club, we have no hesitation in giving it a place, though we confess to entertain doubts whether our correspondents could both have been mistaken:—

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 28, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times—SIR,—As an inch on a man's nose is a good deal, so is a second on a mile heat; therefore I hope you will do *Esther Cooper* the justice to correct the statement in your paper of her race over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, in May last. The true time of her race will be seen by a printed statement of the first day's race, which was published here by order of the Officers of the Club, which is here enclosed, and which I hope you will publish. Her trainer, Mr. MCCUMPSEY, has lately started for England, and she will consequently not appear on the turf this Fall unless she should be sold. My price is $3000. Her blood, size, and appearance, are very fine, as may be seen by reference to the list of my stock in the Spirit of the Times of the 21st July, and the Am. Turf Register. Mr. McCumpsey (who with Mr. JOHN BIRCH) has visited England to see how things are done there, and import for me some "good bloods," both of horses and cattle, thinks the filly I have alluded to, the very best he has ever had anything to do with. I of course think highly of her.

Yours very truly, LEWIS SHIRLEY.

N. B. I hope the Editor of the Turf Register will copy the foregoing into his publication, as its object is to correct an error. L. S.

BOAT CLUB IN LOUISIANA.

BAYOU SARA, 8th Aug., 1838.

DEAR SIR,—Aware that you take a lively interest in all and every one of the "spirited" amusements that are daily resorted to to "drive dull care away," and knowing that everything connected with sport or fun, in whatever shape, meets with a kind reception in your paper, as an assistance in enlivening its "mirth making" pages, I take the greatest pleasure in announcing to you the fact that a *Boat Club* has recently been organized here, which, from the endeavors that have been made, and are still making, to ensure its permanency and success, bids fair to rival in all points the older and long since established Clubs of your own city and its neighbors. You know, from having been here among us of the "sunny land," that our boys are all stout and hearty, the very creatures themselves for "a long pull, and a pull all together" of a hot summer's day. Well, 'tis just fifteen such out and outers who compose the "*Eagle Boat Club of Bayou Sara*," all as clever and as good as ever "trod shoe leather." The boat, now building in Philadelphia, is to be a "bonny thing," built after the latest and most approved model, both for beauty and speed, and is to man six oars. Among the members, there are some from "every land." New York and Philadelphia are well represented, and they who hail from beyond the Mountains are no strangers to such sports. As this on the Mississippi River is a new thing, and, so far as I have learnt, an untried experiment, we beg first of all to lay a claim to age, and as for the mere sensation we may create, and the pleasure we may be the means of affording to our "dark eyed maids," as "of a moonlit e'en" they gaze at our "fairy flight," we'll have to risk and run our chance. Our dress is in the true blue sailor fashion, and for elegance and seamanlike appearance, must leave many older contemporaries in the dark. Our boat is expected here by the first of September, and ere three months roll round, mind you, we'll give them something worth talking about. Until, however, emulation becomes sufficiently great as to enable us to see started from among our own citizens "an opposition" Club, we cannot expect to have as much fun or to make ourselves as conspicuous as we would like; but as it is, we'll give *Time* a trial, and as soon as we look at our fairy bark, and ascertain how she "kicks" through the water, we'll stake our reputation as sailors against any given sum of money, to run either with or against the current.

There is an *on dit* that an opposition Club *will* be started, and that its name, it is already ascertained, will be the "*Feliciana Boat Club.*" Vested with authority by the members of the "Eagle Club," I challenge the "Feliciana Boat Club" into existence, or any other that may be in contemplation here, and challenge them likewise to a contest for superiority, to the tune of five hundred dollars—the trial to come off at any given time to come. This *banter*, I trust, will excite the energies of the "Feliciana B. Club" to a sudden organization and preparation for victory or defeat. You must know that sailors here are scarce, and rather a *kiriosity*. Well, on last Sunday, the members of the Eagle Club astonished the natives by an elegant display through town of the "whole-house," as neat and tidy a set of Jack tars as ever an "old salt" would wish to see, all dressed, too, in sailor's rigging from stem to stern.

When the yacht arrives, I hope to be able to write you of some brilliant achievement on the water, which, I trust, with this my first sketch of our rise, and yet feeble progress, may prove acceptable to you and the readers of the Spirit of the Times. Respectfully your FRIEND.

CRICKET MATCH AT TORONTO, U. C.

The match at cricket, which we announced in Tuesday's paper, was played on Wednesday last, and terminated in favor of the Toronto eleven, who won the game, with ten wickets to spare.

The match was made for eleven officers (of the 85th and 43d Regts., and Royal Artillery), to play against eleven of the Toronto Club. The players on the side of the officers were Messrs. Mundy, Coote, Lambert, Mead, Jones, Oxenden, and Weit, of the 43d Light Infantry, and Messrs. Todd and Colville, 85th Regt., Mr. Wilkins, R. A., and Mr. Farquharson, unattached. Messrs. Marryatt, R. A., and Frazer, Quartermaster-General, were to have played, but could not attend.

The military eleven played remarkably well; the batting of Mr. Lambert quick, sure, and determined; and of Mr. Coote, free, firm, and graceful, were greatly admired. Mr. Coote's bowling was in excellent style, it was a fine high delivery, of a good length, and wants nothing but practice to become very difficult to play to. Their fielding was active under all the disadvantages of not having previously practised in the field together, and the steady and neat play of Mr. Todd at long stops, and a fine catch made by Mr. Jones were deservedly commended.

On the Toronto side, the bowling of Mr. Groom was every thing that could be wished, steady and effective, and to his good delivery much of the successful result of the game must be attributed. Mr. Loring's short slip was very prettily done, and Mr. J. Robinson took a difficult catch in a capital style; but it was generally remarked that the batting of the Toronto men was, on this occasion, decidedly inferior to their usual practice. We saw none of Mr. Buck's fine play to point and slip, nor any of those striking qualities which Messrs. Barron and Harrington are wont to display, and which give such good practice to the long field. There was much ill luck on both sides. On the part of the officers, many players were very unfortunately run out, no doubt for the cause before mentioned—their not having practised much together; while on the Toronto side, many good bats lost their crickets either at the first or the second ball.

The weather was favorable, and the ground well attended, presenting the gratifying spectacle of a large number of ladies, and townsfolk generally; and in closing our remarks, we give it as our decided opinion, that the encouragement of such a truly British and manly game as cricket, will be affording no mean auxiliary in maintaining in this province British feelings and British principles.

The Patriot.

CRICKET MATCH—ALBANY vs. TROY.

On the 25th ult. we published, from the "Albany Daily Advertiser," the particulars of the first match between Eleven players of Troy and Schenectady, and Eleven of Albany, in which the latter scored 32—36 and the former 16—63. The return match, from the same source, is now subjoined:—

The return match between eleven players of Troy and Schenectady, and eleven of the Albany Club, was played on Wednesday last on the ground of the Albany Club, and attracted a numerous and respectable body of spectators. The Albany Club commenced batting, Ellis and Russell going in first, the former, after scoring a 2 and a 3, had his wicket lowered by a ball from Paris. Russell, after obtaining two 2's and four 1 s, was caught out in good style by Paris, from a ball bowled with good judgment by Bumstead. Pellet and Hughes followed, but their wickets were quickly lowered. Small was but a short time at the wicket; he had "a short life and a merry one." He was run out after scoring 11 in a 4, a 3, a 2, and two 1's. Sherman then went in, and in a short time scored 18, by a 4, a 3, four 2's and three 1's. Hole run up a score of 9, and the remainder of the wickets were lowered to 73 runs.

The Troy and Schenectady players then commenced batting, after a few minutes allowed for refreshments. Gower and Corps went in first. The batting of the latter was very good, and a score of 21 was rapidly obtained, in which were three 3's, three 2's, and six 1's, when Hughes found an opening to his wicket. Gower, after obtaining 7 runs, retired in favor of Paris, who quickly added 13 to the score, when a well-delivered ball by Hole reversed his wicket. Wickins followed, and after a somewhat lengthy innings, gave way to a ball delivered by Hughes, having scored 11. The remaining wickets were lowered, and a score of 86 in the whole obtained.

Albany then resumed the bat, and with but indifferent success, until Pellet went in, who for some time kept at a distance the well delivered balls of Paris and Wickins. The latter, however, at length found an opening to the wicket, and Pellet retired with 15 runs. Sherman's 2d innings was almost as successful as his first. He added 11 to his former score, among which was a 4 and three 2's.

The entire wickets were put down to 69 runs, which left the Troy and Schenectady players 57 runs to obtain to beat the Albanians.

This was probably the most interesting period of the match, and in view of the batting of the T. and S. players in their first innings, bets were in their favor. Corps and Gower went in first again. Presently, however, the wicket of the former was lowered by a "rattler" from Small without a run. This materially altered the complexion of affairs. Gower was run out, after having scored 3, by a well thrown in ball by Blackman, who was playing second hind stop. This feat of Blackman's was decidedly one of the finest points in the match. We may also add that three catches made by Ballard, who fielded the long hit, elicited great applause, and materially aided in the result of the game. The fielding on behalf of the Albanians in the 2d innings was much admired. In the first it was rather indifferent. The wickets of the T. and S. were lowered to 19 runs off the bat and 9 byes—28 in all; thus leaving the Albanians victors, with 28 runs to spare.

We have no hesitation in saying that this was one of the best contested matches played in this country since the introduction of the game. The Albanians acquitted themselves well, and sustained their character as players. The defeat of the chosen of the two cities is an event upon which they may justly pride themselves.

The following is the score:—

ALBANY.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Ellis, bowled by Paris	5	bowled by Paris	3
Russell, caught by Paris	8	bowled by Wickens	0
Pellet, bowled by Paris	2	bowled by Wickens	15
Hughes, bowled by Wickins	1	bowled by Paris	3
Small, run out	11	stumped by Corps	7
Sherman, bowled by Wickins	18	stumped by Corps	11
Ballard, run out	0	run out	4
Hole, run out	9	run out	1
Knight, run out	5	bowled by Paris	4
Blackman, bowled by Wickens	3	not out	5
Burtonshaw, not out	2	bowled by Corps	8
Byes	9	Byes	8
Total	73	Total	69

TROY AND SCHENECTADY.

FIRST INNINGS		SECOND INNINGS.	
Corps, bowled by Hughes	21	bowled by Small	0
Gower, bowled by Hughes	7	run out	3
Paris, bowled by Hole	13	bowled by Small	9
Wickins, bowled by Hughes	11	caught by Ballard	0
Seeley, bowled by Hole	0	bowled by Hole	0
Bumstead, bowled by Hole	8	caught by Ballard	4
Jenner, bowled by Hole	8	caught by Ballard	3
Rose, caught by Hole	9	leg before wicket	2
Playford, run out	0	bowled by Small	0
Wenman, stumped by Hughes	1	not out	0
Fuller, not out	0	bowled by Hole	0
Byes	8	Byes	9
Total	86	Total	28

BLOOD STOCK OF S. E. ABERNATHY, ESQ.

Pulaski, Tennessee.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a list of my blood stock, which you will please have published in the Spirit of the Times and in the American Stud Book.

B. m. *Caty Louis*, by Constitution, he by Imp. Diomed, her dam by Shylock, g. dam Symmetry, a ch. m., bred by Lord Clement, and got by his horse Trumpator—Young Doxy—by Imperator—Doxy by Herod—Impudence—by Eclipse—Modesty, by Cade—Crab—Lord Portmore's Abigail, by Young Greyhound—Warlock Galloway—imported by George Jefferson.

PRODUCE.

1830. *Lady Jackson*, ch. m. by Pulaski, by Virginian.—Sold to J. T. SHORT.
1831. Ch. f. by Pulaski.—Dead.
1832. *Susan Randolph*, b. f., by Roanoke.—Sold to Dr. MERRITT.
1833. *Walter*, b. c., by Eclipse.—Sold half to C. T. WILKS, that half now owned by Y. N. OLIVER.
1834. *Belfield*, br. c., by Imp. Luzborough.—Sold to Dr. MERRITT.
1835. *Lady Brunswick*, b. f., by Imp. Luzborough.—Sold half to Dr. WHITLOCK.
1837. *Lady Giles*, b. f., by Cramp, he by Arab.
1838. *Herod*, gr. c., by Sir James, he by Jerry.
Now stinted to Imp. Luzborough.

Produce of *Lady Jackson*, now owned by JOHN T. SHORT, of Giles Co., Tenn.
1834. *Doxy*, ch. c., by Imp. Luzborough.
1835. *Lady Tonson*, gr. f., by Henry Tonson.
1836. *Ginger*, b. f., by Henry Tonson.
1837. *Rap*, ch. c, by Cramp.
1838. Ch. c. by Cramp.
This season stinted to Robin Hood, by Henry.

Rosan, a b. m., by Monroe, he by Imp. Wonder, her dam by Wonder, g. dam by Daredevil.

PRODUCE.

1834. Ch. c. by Pulaski, he by Virginian.—Owned by C. HALL.
1835. *Lady Greensville*, b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon.
1836. *Harriet*, b. f., by Andrew Jackson, he by Virginian.
1837. Missed.
1838. Stinted to Cramp.

August 13, 1838. S. E. ABERNATHY.

BLOOD STOCK OF MAJ. JOHN J. MICKLE.

Camden, S. C.

Young Grand Duchess, a ch. m., bred by the Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, foaled in 1821, got by Sir Archie—Imp. Grand Duchess, by Gracchus—Imp. mare Duchess, by Grouse—Matchem—Magnet—Babraham—Croft's Partner—Bloody Buttocks—Grey Hound—Brocklesby's Betty, by the Curwen Bay Barb—Mr. Leed's Hobby mare, by the Lyster Turk.

PRODUCE.

1834. *Waterree*, g., c., by Yemen.
1835. Ch. f. by Alborak.
1836. Gr. c. by a half-bred horse—accident.
1837. Missed to Imp. Rowton.
1838. Ch. c. by Imp. Rowton.
Put to Imp. Emancipation.

Miss Fitzroy, a b. m., bred by the Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, foaled in 1827, got by Roanoke—Miss Wakefield, by Sir Hal—Grand Duchess, by Gracchus.—See above.

PRODUCE.

1836. B. c. by Argyle.
1837. Missed to Imp. Rowton.
1838. Missed to Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Put to Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Lezinka, a b. m., bred by the Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, foaled 1832, got by Gascoigne, out of Signora, by Roanoke—Miss Peyton, by Gracchus—Telegraph, by Symmes' old Wildair—Lagania, by Imp. old Medley—Dandridge's Fearnought, out of a thorough-bred Maryland mare.

Grey Colt, foaled 1836, by Yemen—Angelica, by Sir Archie—Imp. mare Lady Bunbury, by Trumpator—Theopha, by Highflyer—Plaything, by Matchem—Vixen, by Regulus—Hutton's Spot—Fox Cub—Bay Bolton—Coneyskin's—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk.

Hyacinth, ch. f., foaled 1835, (imported by Maj. A. J. Davie, and purchased of him for $1000,) by Barytes, out of Zafra, by Partisan, out of Zaida (sister to Houghton Lass), by Sir Peter—Alexina, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, by Young Marske.—See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 866.

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. Closed 15th Aug. with 4 subs.

Capt. John Heth names Mr. Hicks' f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab.
Col. F. Thompson names Col. Stonestreet's gr. f. Lilly, by Tichicus, out of Laura.
Mr. Gettings names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
E. J. Wilson names b. c by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham.

There will also be a stake left open to be run the last day of the races, for colts that have never won a race; sub. $100, ft. $50. To close 20th Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $25, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $40, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—A Ladies' Purse of $200, ent. $20, Two mile heats.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the second stake will please address the Proprietor at Washington City, to the care of Wm. Holmead.

EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.
[81]

SWEEPSTAKES, METARIE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300; Mile heats. To nsme and close 15th Oct. Four or more to make a race. To come off on the Tuesday of the week of the regular Jockey Club Fall meeting. Now 5 subs.

James S. Garrison, | Mr. R. Barrow, | Richard Adams.
Dr. Ira Smith, | Thos. J. Wells, |

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150; Mile heats. Six or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Monday preceding the regular Spring meeting of 1839. Now 4 subs.

Nontfort Wells, | W. J. Minor,
Col. A. L. Bingaman, | C. C. S. Farrar.

3 Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250; Two mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Tuesday in the week of the regular Spring meeting, 1838. Now 2 subs.

Montfort Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar.

Gentlemen desirous of making nominations in any of the above stakes, will please address S. M. READ, *Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club.*
New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1838.—[A25]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ADDITIONAL PURSES.—The Proprietor of the Cincinnati Jockey Club Race Course, having understood that a very large number of fine horses will be brought to their races, which commence on the last Tuesday in Sept. next, on their elegant new course, have determined, in order to ensure extraordinary sport, and to give ample remuneration to those gentlemen who may bring fine horses from a distance, to offer the following *Additional Purses* to the very large ones heretofore announced.

Post Stake of $50 each, to which the Proprietors will add $100, Mile heats; 2d best horse to receive back his stake.

Post Stakes of $25 each, to which the Proprietors will add $100; One mile; to come off the Three mile day. *This purse is given to try the speed of our horses.*

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to come off the 2d day; sub $100, h. ft.; to name and close 20th Sept. Now 2 subs, viz: M. Beach and Geo. N. Sanders.

GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*

Cincinnati, Aug. 22, 1838.—[S8-3t].

NEW RACES,

OVER THE HARRISON COURSE, Irwinton Ala.—The races over the above course will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct. next

PURSES.

First day—Mile heats,	$150
Second day—Two mile heats,	300
Third day—Three mile heats	400
Fourth day—Four mile heats	600
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,	300

The Jockey Club of this Course met at the Exchange, in the Club Room of this town, and proceeded regularly to the appointment of officers. On motion made and seconded, Dr. BENJAMIN J. HARRISON was unanimously elected President of said Club; Col. J. W. A. PETTIT and Col. ISAAC FORT, Vice Presidents; and Mr. JOHN R. FORT, Secretary and Treasurer.

This Club is now regularly organized, and the prospects for good sport flattering. The patrons of the Turf in our sister States, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and even the Old Dominion should give us a call. We promise them every thing in the way of convenience and luxury that a new and flourishing country can afford, and a good beating, too, if we can. The proprietor expects the n to give him a chance to do all this, and every thing more necessary, to add to the spirit of the Turf in this portion of the *moral vineyard*, wherein he hopes, ere long, to see the spirit of racing in its acme

Sables and litter gratis. CRAWFORD SPROWL, Proprietor.
Irwinton, Aug. 18, 1838.—[S8-4t] JOHN R. FORT, Sec'y & Treas'r.

NEWBERRY (S. C.) FALL RACES.

OVER the Newberry Jockey Club Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov. next, and continue four days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $10, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—The entrance money of that and the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

During the week the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h ft., Mile heats. Closed with 6 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 2 yr olds, sub $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.

The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, to run Fall meeting, 1839, sub. $200, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Oct, 1839. Three or more to make a race. Now 2 subs.

Myers & Henderson. | P. E Duncan.

2. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1837, to run Fall meeting 1840; sub. $100, h. ft.; Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close Fall meeting, 1839. Now 5 subs.

Maj. J. D. Williams, | P. E. Duncan, | H. Smith.
Myers & Henderson, | Thos. B Osbourn, |

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1836, to run Fall meeting 1839; sub. $200, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close Fall meeting, 1838; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs.

Maj. Wm Eddins, | P. E Duncan.

4. A Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Fall meeting 1841; sub. $200, h ft.; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839; 3 or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Myers & Henderson name produce of Imp. Rowton and a Pacolet mare.

I have no hesitation in saying that all the above stakes will be made up, as there are a number of subscribers already promised to most of them, and for some of them a large field of fine thorough-breds will contend.

Our track is now undergoing repairs, and when completed, will be one of the very best in the upper country; neither will our purses be contemptible.

[S8] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—Warrenton Springs, Va.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Course at the Warrenton Springs, commencing on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next. Three or more subscribers to make a race To close 1st Sept.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft, Mile heats.
Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub $200, h. ft., Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, raised and owned in the Counties of Orange, Madison, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Fanquier, Prince William, Fairfax, and Loudon, and west of the Blue Ridge; sub. $100 h. ft.; Mile heats.
Third day—Post Stakes; sub. $50; One mile. To close 10th Sept.
Same day—Post Stake, sub. $500, Four miles; to close 10th Sept.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, without charge, Four mile heats. The Proprietors guarantee the purse.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries to either of the above stakes, will please communicate with the subscriber at the Springs, in person or by letter.

The course is an excellent one, laid out principally on elevated lands of the Rappahannock. Stables and a training ground on a sandy flat adjoining the course, furnished gratis There is transportation by steamboat and rail roads from North and South, to within 40 miles of the Springs. H. LEE, Agent of the Company,
Warrenton Springs, Aug. 4, 1838.

Purses Increased!!

IN ADDITION to the purse of $1000, and the various Sweepstakes heretofore advertised to be run for on the 18th Sept. next, over the course at the Warrenton Springs, the following purses will be offered, free for any horse, mare, or gelding

First day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Second day—Purse $200, Two mile heats.
Third day—Purse $300, Three mile heats.
Fifth day—A Saddle and Bridle will be offered to be run for by untried horses, a dash of One mile. H. LEE, Agent of the Company.
Warrenton Springs, Sept. 1, 1838. [S8]

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the Mulberry Course, at Fredericksburg, will commence the 4th Tuesday in October next.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to be run the last day of the meeting, sub. $200, h. ft.; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Oct. next.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries, will direct to Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va. [S1] THE PROPRIETOR.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course Fall 1838:

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200; Two mile heats. To name and close 20th Sept. Four or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race, sub. $200, h. ft.; Mile heats. To close as above. Four or more to make a race.

To each of the above stakes there are 2 subs.
Philadelphia, Aug. 23, 1838. [A25] W. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

WARRENTON (N. C.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Cottage Course on the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct., and continue four days.

First day—A Colt Sweepstakes of 5 subs. at $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, added. Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent $40, added, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Colt Stake, sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 3 yr. old weights; sub. $100, h. ft.; One mile. To close 1st Oct. Three or more to make a race.

The Cottage Course, near Warrenton, N. C., is one of the most beautiful courses in this country, and is now being fitted up in a style that will ensure the approbation of all who may favor the Proprietor with their company at the ensuing Meeting. The mineral water in the neighborhood of Warrenton generally attracts many of the fashionables—a most glorious place to taper off, after a visit to the Mountain Springs—from whence they are hurried by the cold breezes, too early in the season to approach their billious homes. and where rightful examples have been set of true American liberty by one of her worthiest sons, Nathl. Macon,—a star of such brilliancy, no matter how long it may remain in the escutcheons of the country, cannot be obscured. JAMES J. HARRISON.
Warrenton, Aug. 24, 1838.—[S1-6t]

FOR SALE,

A VERY Superior Pair of Yellow Bay Horses, 5 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high, very little white, and long switch tails; warranted sound and kind. A line directed to the subscriber, near Princeton, N. J., will meet immediate attention.
[S8-2t] ABM. CRUSER.

WORTHY ATTENTION—HORSES.

A FRESH Supply of WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS, for Horses, just received by the *Great Western*.—This invaluable preparation is gaining as great celebrity in this country as it has already done in England and France. Scarcely an individual in the old country who does not give to each of his horses two or three packages every Spring and Autumn. They prove a safeguard against every complaint that the horse is subject to, and will destroy the worms and botts—it loosens the hide, purifies the blood (which does away the necessity of bleeding), and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. Sold in packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each package, by J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, sole agent for the city of New York. [S8-tf.]

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, coosisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.

The four named above are now in training on Long Island.

African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.

The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Remp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Cora, ch. m, 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838 —[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

} Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, at Hoboken, N. J., opposite the city of New York, will take place the second week in October, being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course.

The following Sweepstakes for the first meeting over this course are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, P. P. Mile heats. To close 25th Sept. next.

[A18] ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Occident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr, names the get of Medoc.		
M. R. Tarlton	"	" Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore	"	" Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver	"	" Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W. Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas. L. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - -	$1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - -	700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - -	500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*
Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a-side, 100lbs on each., Three mile heats, between
John P. White's gr. g *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.
Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.
Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.
Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

THE RACES will commence over the *Henry Course*, on the last Tuesday, 30th Oct., and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close by the 1st of October next. Now one subscriber, and several more are daily expected.
Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200, h. ft Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Oct. next.
Same day—Post Stake for all ages (weight for age); sub. $200, P.P. Two mile heats. Now two subs.
Fifth day—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs
3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*
Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES,

OVER the Sulphur Spring Course, will commence on Monday, 1st Oct., and continue six days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Three mile heats. Now 3 subs.
Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $100, Mile heats.
Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Mile heats. Now 4 subs.
Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $200, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $50, for a Foot Race; One mile.
Sixth Day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft. Two Mile heats. Now 3 subs.
Same Day—The proprietor will give a beautiful Red Cloth Horse Dress, with Rollers, &c., and a splendid Set of Silver Table and Tea Spoons, valued at $100. Mile heats.

The money for each day's race will be hung up in front of the Ju ges Stand.

All members will be presented with the Rules and Regulations of the Club, when they receive their badge.

As the Purses are larger than have ever been run for before in this Western World, it is an inducement for gentlemen who have stables of horses to come and join our sports. The stands will be put in good order, and the track graded in the best manner.

Stables and litter free of expense during the race week, and every attention will be paid to those who visit the Sulphur Spring Course, by their humble servant.
[A25] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Third day—Purse $250, ent $25, Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse. By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE, *President.*
[Jy28] S. BUCKNER, *Sec'y pro. tem.*

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300

} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[apl21] F. K. W.

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.
No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete. and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen. Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber,
[S8-tf.] C. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*. or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellen assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre: Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamut and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, July 16, 1838.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election of this State, to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected.

I hereby give you notice that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Coe S. Downing, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N.B. The inspectors of election in the several wards in your city and county, will give notice of the election of four representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District.—They will also give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

JACOB ACKER, Sheriff of the city and county of New York.

Sheriff's Office, July 28, 1838.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election and immediately after send their bills to the Sheriff's office. [A18-2N]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" "	Hampton Course—Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
Baltimore, Md.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
" "	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
Beans' Station, Tenn.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th Oct.
Broad Rock, Va.	Tree Hill Course, J. C Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Camden, N. J.	Opposite Philadelphia, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 5th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson County Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
Cincinnati, Ohio.	First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Culpeper C. H., Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting. 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
" " "	Match, $1000 aside, 3 m. heats, *Dandy* vs *Klapper*, Monday, Sept. 17.
Cross Keys, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Cynthiana, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
Chillicothe, Ohio.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
" "	Sweepstakes of 6 subs. at $100 each, 2 mile h., Saturday 13th Oct.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Woodlawn Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Fairfield, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
Franklin, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th Oct.
Fort Smith, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
Fayettevills. Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
Greenville, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Gallatin, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
Hunting Park, Pa.	Philadelphia Co., Racing and Trotting meeting, Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Irwinton, Ala.	Harrison Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
Independence, Mo.	Match, $500 aside, 2 m. h., *Beck* vs *Rufus King*, Thursday, 11th Oct.
" "	Match, $500 aside, M. h., *Capt. Bustard* vs. *Jim Crow*, Friday, Oct. 12.
Jefferson City, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Sept.
Jefferson Co., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Kingston, Ala.	White Pond Course, Antauga Co. Fall meeting, 1st Wed., 3d Oct.
Lafayette, Ind.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th Oct.
Lafayette, Ill.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
Lexington, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct. Same meeting,
" "	Match, $1500 a-side, $500 ft., and $500 bye, Mile h. Mr. L Berkley's Argyle and Bertrand f., vs. the choice of 4 in L. K. Grigsby's stable.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., Get of *Bertrand* vs. Get of *Medoc*, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m heats, *Hawk-eye* vs. *Betsey Baker*, 2d Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
Maysville, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Marion, Mo.	Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
Madison, Ky.	Association Course and meeting, last Thursday, 27th Sept.
Mecklenburg Co. Va.	Buffalo Course, J C, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" " "	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Garden's h.* vs. *Griffin's m.*, 4th Oct.
Memphis, Tenn.	Glencoe Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 5th Nov.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Newport, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Sept.
New Iberia, La.	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
New Orleans, La.	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
New York City.	Union Course, L. I, J. C. First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" " "	" " " Second Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., First Fall meeting, 2d week in Oct.
" " "	" " " Second Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov.
" " "	" " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " "	" " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept 26.
" " "	Centreville Course, L. I., *Trotting* Sweepstakes, 1st or 2d week in Oct.
" " "	" " First Trotting Club Fall meeting, about last Oct.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov.
Nottoway, Va.	Belletonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Niagara, U. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Sept.
Norfolk, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
Olympian Springs, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
Opelousas, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
" "	Sweepstakes, 3 subs at $200 each, 1 mile, Wednesday, 7th Nov.
Palmyra, Mo.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Peoria, Ill.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 15th Oct.
Petersburg, Va.	New market Course J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
St. Louis, Mo.	Sulphur Spring Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Oct.
" "	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Sept.
St. Matthews, S.C.	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
Southampton, Va.	Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Tarboro', N. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
Tree Hill, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
Tallahassee, Flo.	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Dec.
Upper Marlboro', Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
Van Buren, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th Oct.
Washington City.	National Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
Warrenton Sp'gs, Va.	Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
Warrenton, N. C.	Cottage Course, J. C Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.

The Cornucopia.—Some time last Spring, during the Julep season, we offered to back "Harry" and "the Doctor" against all creation in general, and nobody in particular for getting up a Mint Julep. The result was that they were immediately overrun with business: strangers from the uttermost parts of the earth and Southerners in crowds flocked there in such numbers, that the quiet denizens of Gotham had to elbow their way to get a sight even, of a Julep, let alone tasting one, except by great good luck. Such being the state of affairs, it was unanimously moved and seconded that *the Cornucopia* be enlarged and improved, and Luscombe & Sanborn, the proprietors, were appointed by acclamation "a committee of fifteen" to carry the design into effect. This task they have just completed in a style of elegance and taste that challenges competition; their judicious outlay of several thousands upon the premises renders it quite the most splendid and tasteful *restaurant* in town. From the fact of their establishment being situated next door to the Park theatre, and more particularly as "Harry" and "the Doctor" will continue to give their personal attention to their old friends, we make no doubt *The Cornucopia* will become still more emphatically "a horn of plenty" to their patrons and the enterprising proprietors.

Robinson, the lithographer, has lately published "a counterfeit presentment" of Miss Clifton as *Eustace*, in Knowles' new play of "Woman's Wit." A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, in this city, speaks of the shocking libel in these terms:—

Robinson has published a "likeness" of Josephine Clifton, in male attire, doubtless with "good intentions." It makes her bust look like the ace of hearts, on an old fashioned three acre pack of cards. Her left arm looks like a pitcher-handle, her right like a bolster pendant, with a string of sausages hung to it, and her legs like the pillars of Hercules. It is murder—and worse, if Josephine has any vanity. *Inter nos:* gossip has provided a "husband intended" for her, in one of her editorial champions in this city.

Another Importation of Bayaderes.—The English papers state that four "charming Bayaderes" have arrived at Bordeaux, fresh from the pagoda of Juggernaut, at Pondicherry. These dancers go to Paris, and are accompanied by three musicians, natives of India. Their names are Tille, Soundirom, Amany, and Rangon, all sisters of the family of Amalle. Two of the musicians are named Devvenayagorn and Ramalingam. The Bayaderes are thus described by a French critic:—

The countenance of Soundirom is of so attractive a kind, that it is difficult to convey an idea of it; her eyes, of sparkling black in the midst of a blueish enamel, dart forth looks enough to turn the brains of a saint. The art of ogling is quite in its infancy with us; and all the coquettes of Paris will be for taking lessons of the sprightly Soundirom. She will be a professor of the first water of the art of the language of the eyes. Amany's countenance is mildness itself. Her smile is candid and pensive at the same time. She is tall and straight, like a palm tree, and is 18. Soundirom is only 14. Little Veydon, aged 6, looks like a little devil. Rangon bears some resemblance to Soundirom, without, however, being her equal.

Billy Black's last.—On the occasion of his first appearance at the Tremont last week, in Billy Black, Finn perpetrated the following conundrums among others that we omit as resembling Jeremiah's figs:—

Why are the opponents of the City Aqueduct like India rubber shoes?
Because they keep out the water.
Why is the Marlboro' hotel like a Lowell factory?
Because they are both kept going by water.
Why are the administration men like spinners?
Because they are fact-tories.
Why is the Bunker Hill Monument like a Temperance Committee?
Because it is not allowed to get high.
Why had Queen Victoria better come over here in this dry time?
Because her *reign* is likely to last.
Why are the Siamese Twins always crazy?
Because they are always beside themselves.
Why ought the Exploring Expedition to have gone on the Eastern Railroad?
Because it is the quickest way to Sail-em.
Why should locomotives make the best banks?
Because they are never allowed to go without a legal tender.
Why is this Theatre like a whale-ship?
Because, very likely you will see a Finn-back there.

Bunn is to be again the lessee of Drury Lane, and is already in the field making his arrangements for the ensuing season, which he gives out is to be one of the most splendid that has been for some years. It is privately rumoured that Mademoiselle Garcia Malibran's sister, will make her appearance at an early period of the season. Satirist.

George Andrews and his lady.—Among other American artists abroad, are the two eminently clever people whose names form the subject of the following paragraph from the Boston Transcript:—

We have seen a letter from Mr. Andrews, dated 30th June, which has just found its way along, written in London, whence Mr. and Mrs. A. were to proceed in a week for Margate, and thence to Paris, where they would remain a month or so, and return to Boston from Havre about the 21st August, expecting to arrive here in September. Mr. Andrews had played once only, at Manchester, where he appeared as Giles, in the Miller's Maid, for the benefit of Yates, and was greatly applauded, and called out: when he made a bit of a speech. It is said to be the first time an actor was ever called out at Manchester, and Mr. A. attributes it to the circumstance of his being the son of an old favorite. Mrs. Andrews was improving her time, and cultivating her fine taste and musical talent by taking lessons in singing of Crevelli, and on the harp of Bochsa.

Reproof.—A divine in Kent, seldom in church, but a rigid justice of the peace, having a vagrant brought before him, said, surlily, "I'll teach you the *law*, you vagabond, I warrant you." "It would be much more becoming," answered the poor fellow, "if you would teach me the *gospel*."

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes will come off over this course during the first week in October next.

1. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; three subscribers at $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

J. H. Whelpley's b. m. *Ellen Douglas.*
J. McMann's b. m. *Empress.*
W. S. Reed's gr. m. *Polly Roy.*

2. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; five subs. at $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor: Two mile heats in harness.

J. H. Whelpley's b. m. *Medora.*
H. Vandewater's b. m. *Lady Thumb.*
P. Wheelan's b. g. *Cato.*
R. Shepherd's b. m. *Lila.*
H. Woodruff's b. g. *Boston Tom* (late Emperor.)

3. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money; six subs. at $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

W. S. Reed's b. g. *Red Robin.*
J. H. Whelpley's b. m. *Ellen Douglas.*
H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry.*
Wm. Wheelan's b. g. *Metamora.*
H. Woodruff's b. m. *Actress.*
J. McMann's b. m. *Empress.*

4. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; three subscribers at $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness.

H. Vandewater's b. g. *John Hancock.*
L. Rogers' b. g. *Ion.*
H. Vandewater's s. m. *Ellen Coster.*

The following Stake will remain open until Thursday evening next, at 9 o'clock. Entries must be made at Randall Smith's Hotel, near the Park Theatre. It has now two subscribers:—

Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

The days when the above stakes will come off will be announced in the Spirit of the Times of next Saturday.

Centreville, L. I., Sept. 13, 1838.—[S15-1t] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

KENDALL COURSE (Md.) FALL RACES.

THE Races over this course will take place on the third Tuesday, 16th October, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats. Five subs. and closed.

E. J. Wilson names b. c. Tandem, by Andrew, out of Columbia.
Col. F Thompson names Col. Stonestreet's gr. f. Lilly, by Tichicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy.
Thos. E. Gittings names b. f. by Imp Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
Phillip Wallis names f. Mary Wye, by Maryland Eclipse—Maydacre by Imp. Valentine.
George Goodwin names b. f. Fanny Evans, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Marquis.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $75, Mile heats. Closed with six subs.

Edward J. Wilson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam unknown.
Col. F. Thompson names c. Antipaton, by Tichicus, out of Clubfoot.
Col. John Heth names E. B. Hicks' b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab.
Wm. Fields names Gen. Emory's b. c. Jack Monroe, by Maryland Eclipse, out of the dam of Lady Cliffden.
Also, Gen. Emory's ch. f. by Maryland Eclipse, out of the dam of Toby.
James B. Kendall names ch. c. Windsor, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy.

Second day—Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, ent. $35, free for all, Four mile heats.
Fourth Day—A silver plate, valued at $500, Two mile heats, the entrance depending upon the number of entries, the winner to take the plate or money at his option. There will be no other races on this day.

The particulars in handbills. The course will be put in the best possible order. Good stables and straw gratis. Feed of any and every description to be had of the best quality at the course. [S15] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, on the Second Tuesday, 9th October next, and continue five days.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Root. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

Same day—The *Oakland Plate*, a Splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $500. Two mile heats.

SECOND DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch. c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Barbary Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

Same day—A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of	Medoc.	
M. R. Tarlton	" "	Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore	" "	Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver	" "	Waxy.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietor's Purse $700, Three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY.

Jockey Club Purse $1200, Four mile heats.

FIFTH DAY.

A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Proprietor to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W. Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas. E. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. Four subs. and closed, viz:

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr. | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

The *Forty Nine* entries to the various Sweepstakes advertised above, bringing in contact the best get of Bertrand, Woodpecker, Medoc, Collier, Waxy, &c., in addition to the largest purses ever offered in the State, making an amount in sweepstakes, plates, and purses, of $13,700, and the attendance of two stables from Virginia, as many from Tennessee, one from Missouri, and several from Ohio, making in all probability more than 100 horses, must make the most attractive and fashionable race meeting in the West. The track is one of the quickest and softest in the Union. Stables for any number of race horses furnished gratis. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, Sept. 4, 1838. [S15-3t]

☞ The Nashville Banner, N. Albany Gazette, St. Louis Republican, Madison, Indiana, Banner, Republican and Gazette, and Frankfort Commonwealth, will publish the above weekly, three times, and forward their accounts to the Louisville Journal for collection.

SWEEPSTAKES—St. Francisville, La.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes over the St. Francisville Race Course, on the day previous to the regular Jockey Club meeting, in the Spring of 1841, with colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; sub. $1000 each, ft. $250; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Wm. R. Barrow names produce of Piano and Luzborough.
Richard Hale names produce of Sally Hope and Glencoe.

C. C. S. Farrar.	Hugh Carlin.	Thos. J. Wells.	Thos. J. Wells.
Fergus Duplantier.	John C. Beasley.	John Desmont.	[S15]

WARREN'S HORSE POWER.

A NEW invention, which has been thoroughly proved during the past year, and can be sold for half the price of any other invention now before the public. Price $40, to be used by one horse, and $50 for two horses. This horse power is suitable for all kinds of uses: for mills, circular saws, turning lathes, and especially threshing machines and cotton gins. Also for sale, Warren's Iron Threshing Machine, which is highly approved of. One man and a boy can tend it. Price, one horse power $20, and two horse power $25—bands found for $2 50—levers for one horse power, $2 50. Orders from any part of the United States or Canada and Texas, post paid, will be promptly attended to, by

[S15] E. WARREN, 126 Nassau st. New York.

THOROUGH-BRED STALLION FOR SALE.

HE was sired by Rob Roy, (Col. Singleton's, of South Carolina,) and his dam was out of a fine Gallatin mare by Imp. Leviathan. He measures about 15 hands, and will be five years old next May. As his owner is about sailing for Europe he will be sold low. He may be seen at the stable of William Robinson, Esq., at Tuscaloosa, Ala. For further particulars apply (if by letter, post paid,) to THOMAS CUMMINGS, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sept. 3, 1838.—[S8-9t]

CORNUCOPIA, No. 28 PARK ROW.

HAVING completed the alterations and refitting of this establishment, making it more spacious, airy and convenient, we have now re-opened it on a larger scale, but on its former general plan. We look for a continuance of the custom and favors of our regular patrons and old friends, and in proportion to our enlarged means and better accommodations, we respectfully invite an increase of the public patronage.

Our supplies of *Oysters, Turtle, Fish,* &c., of every variety of *Game*, in its season, and of the *delicacies* and *substantials* too, of the general market, will be procured, with our accustomed promptitude and care.

Our *Wines* and *Spirituous* and *Malt Liquors*, coming from establishments of the first standing, it is intended shall retain the character for superior excellence, which they have always hitherto merited and enjoyed since the first opening of the *Cornucopia.*

Of *attendance* and *attentions*, we will avoid the affectation of making *flattering assurances*, as we expect their duties will, to a considerable extent, devolve personally on ourselves.

New York, Sept. 10, 1838. [S15] LUSCOMB & SANBORN.

TROTTING PURSES—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE First Fall Meeting at the above course will commence on Tuesday, 25th Sept. next, and continue four days.

First day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never trotted for a purse over $50; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses; Three mile heats, in Harness.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for a purse over $50; Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for a purse of $100; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, in Harness.

Fourth day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses; Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

All entries to be made at the Course the day previous, by 6 o'clock, P. M.

[A25] A. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING of 1838 over this course, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100. Two mile heats. Closed with six subs., viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
2. W. Livingston names produce of Medora and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove and Roman.
5. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace and Eclipse.
6. Wm. Gibbons names gr. c. *Avalanche*, dam by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by First Consul.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50. Two mile heats. Four subs and closed, viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom and Eclipse.
2. Also, produce of Meg Dodds and Eclipse.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
4. A L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson and Henry.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. 50, Mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. To this stake several gentlemen have promised entries.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages.
Third day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $75; Two mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. Now several subs

Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Closed with five subs., viz:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Polly Hopkins and Eclipse.
4. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
5. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either stake not yet closed, will please forward their entries without delay. The latter one of the two promises to have many subscribers, as a number of colts in the vicinity of the Island, now disengaged, are in training.

Stakes of all sizes, and proper distances, to be run over this course, are constantly open on the *Secretary's Book*. Gentlemen wishing to enter are respectfully requested to communicate with the Secretary, and they will be particularly attended to without delay.

The races over the Beacon Course, opposite the city of New York, will come off the week following the Union. Particulars in time.

Persons wishing to rent Stands on the Union Course, for purposes of refreshment only are requested to call on either of the proprietors without delay.

A. L. BOTTS,
New York, Aug. 16, 1838. [A18] D. H. BRANCH.

PIGEON SHOOTING SWEEPSTAKES.

A Pigeon Shooting Sweepstakes is now open on the Beacon Course, at $100 each subscription: as soon as ten shall have sent in their names, a meeting of those who have subscribed will be called at the Pavilion on the Beacon Course, to make all and every necessary preliminary. The stake will close on the 15th of Sept. At the time of the meeting, which will be advertised, each subscriber is to pay $25 of his subscription, and the balance on the 15th of Sept., when the stake closes. Any gentleman wishing to subscribe, will please address a letter to the editor of this paper.

Mr. Browning, the resident proprietor of the Course, will have, in a few days, a number of pigeons for the use of those gentlemen desiring to practice. [A25]

HUNTING PARK COURSE—PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Premiums and Sweepstakes are to come off over the above course on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept., commencing each day at 12 o'clock.

First day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, free for all running horses.

Same day—Aweepstakes for 3 year old colts, sub. $100, h. ft., and $100 added. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 17th Sept. next.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won over $50, sub. $50, h. ft. with $50 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., and $100 added. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a trot.

Fourth day—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes for trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Three mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

The Running to be governed by Camden Rules. The Trotting to be governed by the old Rules of this Course.

All entries to be made at the Course, enclosed, by 6 o'clock the day previous to each day's race or trot

The Trotting Sweepstakes to close on or before the 17th Sept. next

Philadelphia, Aug 13, 1838. [A18] JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor.*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on the third Tuesday, 18th Sept., when the following purses will be run for, viz:

First day—Proprietor's Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—A Post Sweepstake for 3 year olds, sub. $100, Two mile heats; to close the day previous to the race.

Second day—A Service of Silver Plate, value $400, the winner to receive the Plate or the money at his option. Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close the day previous to the race.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Maysville, July 26, 1838. [A11] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH J. C. FALL RACES.

THE First Meeting of the New Club will take place over the Norfolk Course the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct., and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race; sub. 50, P.P., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats. Four or more to made a race. Now 2 subs To close 22d Oct.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. 20, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $30, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, ent. $10, free for any horse or mare that did not win a race during the meeting. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

[S1] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN (S. C.) FALL RACES.

THE above Races will commence on the 1st Monday, 5th Nov. next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of 10 subs. at $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse ——, Four mile heats.
Third day— " " " Three mile heats.
Fourth day— " " " Two mile heats.

The Purse for each day to be hung up at the Stand.

[S1-8t] A. R. GRUFFIN, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

ARABIAN STALLION FOR SALE.

THE beautiful full blooded Arabian Stallion, OMBARK (in English *Incomparable,*) was imported into New York by Capt. James Riley, from Swearah, Africa, in the brig *America*, 1836.

DESCRIPTION.

Ombark is a jet black, with a few scattering white hairs in his coat (which is soft and smooth like velvet), on close inspection. He is 15 hands and 1 inch high, is 6 feet 11 inches long from ears to the root of the tail, girths 5 feet 6 inches, circumference of upper joint of fore leg 18 inches, of the knee joint 12 inches, pastern joint 10 inches; and weighs 866 lbs. He has a fine head, bright eyes, and wide nostrils, small ears, a beautiful shoulder well set back, elegant neck, long round slender body, clean limbs, black flowing mane and tail, resembling a Southern race horse, and a natural trotter. His whole form and appearance is considered by judges to be strong and symmetrically beautiful.

Ombark was bred in the country of Bled el Tedlah, by *Bashaw Cidi Ben*, Abd-Allah, South of the Atlas Mountains, near Tunis El Gaarb, and from the purest and most celebrated Arabian blood. His Arabian pedigree is very long, and has been translated into English to go with the horse, when sold. He is a good stallion, and believed to be very swift.

He will be sold on the Four mile day of the Second Fall Meeting of the New York Jockey Club, on the Union Course, L. I., which commences on the 30th Oct.

The horse may be seen at the stable of Mr. Grove, corner of Middagh and Henry sts., Brooklyn.

New York, Sept. 6, 1838. [S8] JAMES RILEY.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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